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THE NATION

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WOMEN OF THE BOYCOTT

'YOU KNOW WHO I SEEN?'

THE CULT OF THE CELEBRITY

Studs Terkel

POLITICS AND THE MIAs

WHAT THE WHITE HOUSE HIDES

Stephen S. Rosenfeld

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LETTERS

'environmental overkill'

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: Robert Sommer's article, "Ecology and the Energy Shortage" [*The Nation*, Dec. 10, 1973], is fraught with misconceptions and misinterpretations of the facts of the current energy crisis. But to fully rebut every instance in which Sommer perverts the facts would require an article at least equal in length to his original piece. Instead, I would like to concentrate on perhaps his most pernicious idea: that the oil companies and the federal government are using the current shortage to "blackmail" the public in order to maximize the industry's profits and undermine the environmental gains of the past decade.

The oil industry does not now advocate—and has not advocated—a rollback of environmental safeguards. We who are involved in the industry too must live on this earth. It would require severe shortsightedness to oppose all environmental standards, and the oil industry cannot be justly accused of such myopia.

In fact, the industry has strongly advocated conservation of natural resources including, of course, fossil fuels. Doubtless, the single greatest contribution one can make toward maintaining and improving environmental quality is precisely to conserve energy use. Sacrificing essential uses is not required. But elimination of waste is, and this policy will substantially improve environmental quality.

The industry has counseled against "environmental overkill"—that is, standards and requirements which severely reduce the efficiency of energy use without effecting substantial improvement of environmental quality. The approximately 10 per cent fuel penalty imposed by 1974 statutory standards for auto emissions is an excellent example of "overkill." For the environmental gains are slight; the diseconomy is, however, great. Intelligent fuel conservation, for instance, could easily meet or better these gains without imposing a penalty.

Robert R. Hurt
American Petroleum Institute

no more massacres

DEAR SIRS: In the winter of 1890 U.S. Government forces brutally massacred nearly 300 Indian people, mainly women and children, after they had surrendered all but one of their weapons. The site of the massacre was Wounded Knee on the Pine Ridge Reservation. In the winter of 1973, about 300 Indians, most of them Oglala Sioux of the same reservation, but with the support of hundreds of Indians from seventy-five different tribes, liberated Wounded Knee. The Independent Oglala Nation existed for seventy-one days despite the government's blockade of food, water, health and medical equipment, and a constant barrage of bullets. Many of the Oglalas who participated in the liberation say that for those seventy-one days they felt free for the first time in their lives.

The Indian people who took this stand were seeking to stop the forces of a 20th-century massacre, a massacre more subtle than Custer's but equally effective. Indian male life expectancy is 44.5 years. The suicide rate is fifteen times the national average. The unemployment rate is nearly 90 per cent. School dropout rate is 75 per cent. Average Indian family income is $1,000. Ninety-five per cent of reservation housing is substandard.

For taking their stand against these conditions at Wounded Knee, more than 300 people face federal, state and tribal charges, and still another kind of massacre could take place, this time in the courts.

The government has already spent $7 million on prosecution, while the defense exists on the brink of insolvency, dependent on contributions from concerned individuals. Please send your donation to help balance the scales of justice.

Wounded Knee Legal Defense/Offense Committee
P.O. Box 255, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101

EDITORIALS

The Closest Connection

The President's tax affairs are a tangle but what is particularly offensive about them is the corner-cutting, flimflam tactics that have been used to secure his various undeserved tax benefits. For example, his tax lawyer now admits that the deed of gift of his papers to the National Archives was actually acknowledged by the lawyer, as a notary, at the White House on April 10, 1970, but back-dated to April 21, 1969. Technically this constitutes a false acknowledgment, but even worse is the fact that the disclosure came about more or less by chance in the course of an investigation by California's Secretary of State, who discovered that the typewriter used had not been purchased until a later date. The only word for this is chicanery and the President should be the first to deplore it; but he hasn't. His nonpayment of California income taxes is an even more striking example of political conniving. Since our last comment ("California Puzzle," *The Nation*, January 26), the puzzle has become more tangled.

After stalling around since September 20, when William Bennett, then a minority member of the State Franchise Board first raised the issue, the majority members delegated to Martin Huff, executive officer of the board, the task of ruling on the issue. On February 1, Mr. Huff issued a ruling to the effect that the President was not a California resident for tax purposes. But why did the two Republican members of the three-member board permit an underling to make a ruling that should have been made by the board as such? In the particular circumstances, did the board have authority to delegate such a task? By inference the majority approves Mr. Huff's ruling, but that is a side issue. Houston I. Flournoy, the Republican member who might have been expected to take a different position, is a candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. His prospects have brightened of late as those of Lieut. Gov. Ed Reinecke have dimmed. Currently he has been successfully enlisting conservative financial backers of Governor Reagan in his campaign. So it was good politics for Flournoy to avoid offending the Governor and his conservative backers or, for that matter, the President—the more so since the ruling could be treated as a minor administrative matter that had been handled by an employee. But at the same time—as a gesture of independence from Reagan and Nixon—Flournoy is quoted as saying (Sacramento *Union*, February 5) that he favors legislation which would provide that all federal officials domiciled in California should automatically be regarded as state residents for tax purposes. In point of fact, all such officials are, and have been, regarded as state residents—all, that is, except Richard Nixon.

In a brief to the State Franchise Board, William Bennett, until recently a board member, advances still further reasons to support his contention that Nixon is, indeed, a resident of the state for tax purposes. The underlying theory, as California statutes recite, is that "the state with which a person has the closest connection during the

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taxable year is the state of his residence" (Reg. 17014-17016 of Title 18, Calif. Adm. Code). To sustain his contention that the President's closest connection is with California—residence, voting registration, etc.—Bennett points to the fact that in *Who's Who in American Politics,* the President lists the Western White House, San Clemente, as his residence in the 1970, 1971, 1972 and 1973 editions. Entries, incidentally, are based on questionnaires designed to elicit accurate information and proofs are sent to each entrant for approval. But the key fact is this: the income tax law of the District of Columbia provides for a levy "upon the taxable income of every individual domiciled in the District of Columbia." Nixon has never paid income taxes in the District. But if he is not domiciled there, then he must be domiciled in California; by the same token, if he is not subject to state income taxes, he should pay income taxes in the District (local District officials please note). In *District* v. *Pace,* 320 U.S. 698, a financial clerk of the Senate who had served twenty-seven years in the District of Columbia, was held to be domiciled in Florida. In *District* v. *Murphy,* 314 U.S. 441, a government employee in the District for twenty-eight years was found to be domiciled in Pennsylvania. In his brief, Bennett cites seventeen recent public statements by the President in which he has referred to San Clemente as his home. In one of his rare literary allusions, the President told a crowd at the Ontario, California airport on November 4, 1972: "You remember the title, certainly, *You Can't Go Home Again* . . . when we land here today . . . and when we see this magnificent crowd, we know you can go home again—to California." If he and Mrs. Nixon do not reside, in the legal sense, in California, and if they are not residents of the District of Columbia for tax purposes, then just where do they reside?

A more practical question is: what action, if any, can now be taken to test the Huff ruling? The indefatigable William Bennett has said that, if necessary, he will take the issue to the courts. But there is some doubt that he has "standing" to bring such an action, since he is no longer on the State Franchise Board. Yet the issue demands formal resolution by the courts, since the integrity of the California tax program is at stake. At least one member of the California Congressional delegation has already written the board to inquire if he too is exempt from paying state income taxes. It is a reflection on the President's personal and political integrity that he should not insist on an open, public, judicial determination of the issue. The board could easily initiate a test if it wished, but it is obvious that it does not intend to press the matter.

Domestic Disarmament

Rep. Michael Harrington has probably focused more attention on the hand-gun problem than any other member of Congress. (See his "The Politics of Gun Control," *The Nation,* January 12.) He has now introduced legislation in the House which deals with the problem in a practical way. Sen. Philip Hart is sponsoring a similar bill in the Senate.

The FBI reports that of the 18,520 murders committed

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in the United States in 1972, 54 per cent were accomplished with hand guns. Long guns accounted for only 12 per cent, and 34 per cent were carried out by all other means combined. Predominantly, therefore, we have a hand-gun problem, rather than a problem with firearms in general.

The ratio is even more striking in relation to law enforcement. Of the 721 law-enforcement officers killed between 1962 and 1971, 73 per cent were killed by hand guns, 22.2 per cent by other firearms, and only 4.8 per cent by all other means.

The popular impression is that most murders are committed by criminals: hence the argument that gun control laws leave the criminal in possession of his weapon, but disarm the law-abiding citizen. Actually, again by FBI statistics, 31 per cent of all murders in 1972 occurred within families, or between estranged lovers. Another 41 per cent grew out of disputes and altercations, in many cases between people who knew each other. Criminals were responsible for the remainder—about 28 per cent. That is certainly no negligible number, but the fact remains that almost three-fourths of the homicides were not the work of "outlaws."

Added to the homicides in 1972 were 2,900 accidental deaths by gunshot, many of them involving children, 10,000 gun suicides, and 200,000 accidental gun injuries. Hand guns accounted for a large proportion of these deaths and injuries.

It is almost impossible to discuss the firearm problem sensibly. One difficulty is that many Americans love to hunt and begin to scream as soon as gun control is mentioned. But nobody hunts with an automatic or revolver, and Messrs. Hart and Harrington have been careful to deal only with weapons in that category, which constitute the crux of the problem. They are not touching rifles and shotguns.

A whole category of assumptions and erroneous folk wisdom has accumulated in opposition to gun control, much of it sheer propaganda, emanating from vested interests of one kind or another. Thus: "Guns don't kill, people do." It is obvious that someone must pull the trigger, but the remark of a police sergeant about a man who had just shot his wife to death at the climax of a trivial quarrel is apropos: "If he hadn't had that revolver, he would have punched her in the nose and that would have been it."

Then there is the emphasis on the "Saturday Night Special"—as if, with the abolition of these cheap hand guns, usually of .22 or .25 caliber, there would be nothing more to worry about. Apparently this is based on a spurious class angle. The respectable, well-heeled citizen, it is assumed, will arm himself with an expensive hand gun, which the criminal or thug will not be able to afford. Do away with the Saturday Night Special, then, and the respectable citizen will be safe in his castle and on the streets.

This piles nonsense on nonsense. Harrington, who bases his bill on exhaustive investigation, cites recent New York City Police Department findings: less than 30 per cent of the total of firearms seized are Saturday Night Specials. A survey of all hand guns confiscated in the first six months of 1973 in the city's highest crime precinct showed that even in that poverty-stricken neighborhood about half of the classifiable hand guns used by alleged assailants were "high-quality, expensive weapons." A corollary is that the manufacturers of such weapons find that the competition from cheap guns cuts into their business.

The only answer is the one on which Harrington and Hart base their bills—bar hand guns entirely, except for those who need them for public safety use: the police, the military, licensed gun clubs, licensed security guards and, as a harmless exception, antique gun collectors. Present hand-gun owners would be able to turn in their weapons to a law-enforcement agency and receive fair market value.

This is not a quixotic idea. A 1972 Gallup poll showed that two out of every five Americans favor such a measure. It will not pass at this session of Congress, but the ground will have been prepared for future passage.

That day would be speeded if the major women's organizations would interest themselves in the cause of domestic disarmament. When hearings are held on this legislation they should come forward to testify. Black and white alike should be concerned; blacks, actually, are more endangered than whites. Even the John Birch Society, with its slogan, "Support Your Local Police," should show that it means what it says. The police would benefit, as well as civilians.

Our Man in Washington

For some years, Robert Sherrill has been seeking accreditation as a White House correspondent. He has not been accommodated in this matter and, a patient man at the end of his forbearance, he has now brought suit to gain his rights. The ACLU is representing him.

For Sherrill, access to the White House is partly an issue of professional need, but even more one of principle. He is a bona fide Washington correspondent, and he is entitled to a bona fide White House press card; without it, he feels ill caparisoned, like a deputy sheriff without a tin star on his shirt. *The Nation*'s Washington correspondents have been routinely accredited in the past; why not Sherrill?

The reason given is that he is "deemed to be a potential threat to the physical security of the President and/or his immediate family." This suggestion from the Secret Service, which we found quoted in Alan Otten's *Wall Street Journal* column, alarmed us, and we were at once on the phone to our man in Washington. It is based, Sherrill told us, on the fact that he was once arrested for assaulting a Florida state legislator, but it ignores the associated fact that the charge against him was dismissed because it could not be determined which of them had started the fight.

Sherrill, to be sure, is a large man and he is a former Texan (if that is not a self-contradiction), but, as with many large men, his bulk seems more a shield than a threat to public decorum. Since reaching full stature, he has had almost no occasion to express himself with his fists, partly because he can express himself so effectively with his pen, and partly because only a man as fool-

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hardy as a Florida legislator would brandish a fist against him.

Therefore, in order to advance his suit, *The Nation* will go bond for the fact that Robert Sherrill, if admitted to their presence, will not pummel the President, his wife, Ron Ziegler, General Haig or any other Administration spokesman, representative, or apologist. Unless, of course, one of them undertakes to pummel him first.

What Sherrill is really suing to defeat is official pettiness. No one seriously fears that he will turn a briefing into a roughhouse; what the White House people dislike is the fact that Sherrill is a man given to writing what he thinks and has access to a journal that will print what he writes. We understand the inconvenience of having such a man at a press conference, but that does not excuse mean-spirited discrimination.

'Creative Accounting'

Coming to the Senate Armed Services Committee with his record-breaking $85.8 billion Defense Department "peacetime" budget, Secretary James R. Schlesinger shows himself a hawk, but not one who uses the standard "Russians-are-coming" argument. He concedes that Soviet intentions are "not necessarily malevolent" and describes their military policy as "sober and prudent." He concedes that the amount he asks for is enormous, but argues that it is "necessary to assure the foreign policy objectives of the United States." Just the same, in defending the $6.3 billion increase over last year's military spending, he resorts to what has been called "creative accounting"—the art of making a request for military spending on a gargantuan scale seem moderate and reasonable.

Actually, it is a selling job and a misleading one. The budget which Schlesinger is trying to put over, with a good chance of success, is peculiar in several respects. (*1*) It is the largest request of its kind in history; (*2*) it surpasses in dollars the peak wartime spending of 1945 ($81.6 billion), and while allowance must be made for inflation, wartime spending is notoriously inefficient; (*3*) at the height of the Indochinese war the military budget was $20 billion less than Schlesinger's request; (*4*) this is a "match-the-Russians" budget; it places the greatest stress on research and development for new weapons of any arms program of the last fifteen years, and thereby tends to nullify the current SALT talks.

The weaponry arguments in Schlesinger's presentation before the Senate committee are complex and we shall not go into that phase of the matter here. It is worth pointing out, however, that lumping the all-volunteer force with continuing inflation as a justification for the extra spending is, as George F. Will points out in *The Washington Post*, mendacious. As far back as 1967, Congress required that military pay be equal to civilian pay of the same grade. Only first-term military men and women were not included in this equalization, and in 1971 Congress passed a pay raise bringing the first-termers closer to equality. The main reason for the burdensome military personnel pay costs is the 1967 Congressional and Executive decision, together with higher travel and retirement costs.

It is likewise misleading to state the military budget in terms of percentage of gross national product. That device makes the military budget look almost minuscule; a more realistic impression is derived from the percentage of the total budget, but even that tends to tranquilize the restive taxpayer. Before making any assessments, one should put into the defense budget important military-related items customarily excluded: e.g., NASA, veterans' benefits and interest on the national debt. It has been estimated that three-fourths of NASA's budget is military-related. NASA's contributions to astronomy and geophysics are very nice, but the astronauts and their vehicles would never have got off the ground had it not been for the arms race. Veterans' benefits are difficult to estimate, but perhaps 50 per cent is military-related. Interest on the national debt is blandly ignored, but again three-fourths should be added to the military budget, in that some proportion grew out of past wars.

The numerator of the defense/total budget equation being thus enlarged, we get closer to fiscal reality. Next we must operate on the denominator, subtracting Social Security and other trust items; these are really insurance and funded as such. What remains is the administrative budget per se. What percentage, then, is the military budget of this smaller total? Those who have made these calculations estimate the ratio at about 60 per cent. Compare that with the 29 per cent, or thereabouts, usually publicized.

This still ignores the qualitative effects of military spending. A lot of research and development mainly directed toward military ends is tucked away where only insiders can find it. Then there is the skilled manpower engaged in nonproductive work. Of course, balancing this is the reduction in unemployment, which would otherwise rise to near-catastrophic heights. Preparation for war pulled the economies of both Hitler's Germany and Franklin D. Roosevelt's America out of depression; from a human standpoint the effects were different, economically they were similar. The military budget now helps to keep us out of depression by a similar wasteful mechanism.

Finally, the military budget is a major cause of continuing inflation. It is not the sole cause, but it is of great importance, and that is one reason for the inability of successive administrations to control inflation. It is all very well for Schlesinger to say that he is not concerned with the impact of the military budget on the economy. The great corporations and financial institutions can view the scene with similar equanimity, but the majority of the people are being mulcted in varying degrees—and few know what is being done to them.

Farah: Obdurate Paternalist

Remember the industrialists of the depression-ridden 1930s who declared they would go out of business rather than recognize a union? Even then, they were an endangered species, but in El Paso, Tex., a splendid specimen survives. He is Willie Farah, and he too is being harassed by his natural enemies, the Chicanos who work in his pants factories. Some 2,000 of them have been on strike since May 1972, demanding recognition of their

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union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, AFL-CIO.

This has been painful for Mr. Farah. The strike may not be the sole cause, but a share of Farah stock which used to sell at $30 on the New York Stock Exchange ranged from 12⅝ down to 3¼ in 1972-73. Moreover, the strike brought Mr. Farah a prominent story in *Time* (March 26, 1973) which he may not have fully relished. It concerned his altercation with the bishop of El Paso, the Most Rev. Sidney M. Metzger, who had sent a letter to all U.S. Catholic bishops in support of a nationwide boycott of Farah products. Farah referred to Father Metzger as a member of the "rotten old bourgeoisie," among other uncomplimentary terms. With some slight inconsistency, Farah regards the strikers as Communists.

One would think that Farah might have hesitated to take on a couple of thousand Chicano employees, in view of past boycotts involving grape and lettuce workers (see "The Women of the Boycott," p. 232), but Willie is tough. He knows, moreover, that there is an enormous pool of poor and unemployed Mexican and Mexican-American workers in El Paso and across the river in Juarez, and he was able to replace the 2,000 strikers, out of a total, originally, of 9,000 workers. Nothing fazes him—not the Catholic Church, not the whole AFL-CIO, not even the government of the United States. Nor individuals like Sens. Edward Kennedy, Gaylord Nelson and George McGovern; George Meany, John Lindsay, Nelson Rockefeller, Bishop Francis B. Sayre, Cesar Chavez and many other public figures. The government may bring him down in the end, but Farah has not been impressed by a ruling of the NLRB Administrative Judge Walter H. Maloney, Jr., who on February 2 found the company guilty of wholesale "lawlessness" and ordered it to rehire six employees who were dismissed in 1972 and to reinstate the 2,000 strikers. Farah has closed down four of his nine plants in the Southwest, and declares he will go into court if the full NLRB supports Judge Maloney—as, on the basis of precedent, it is likely to do.

The issues are not particularly complex. Willie Farah is an obdurate paternalist. His employees get free bus service from downtown El Paso, a free medical clinic, a turkey for everybody on the payroll at Christmas, and other benefits. But they have no job security, and the strikers maintain that, lacking union representation, they are paid substandard wages and are subject to whatever speed-up measures the company cares to impose. Now everybody is hurting. The Amalgamated has spent more than $2 million; it had to, since El Paso is now a big clothing center, and only a tenth of the work force is organized. The strikers are having no picnic, but Farah's sales are dropping despite expensive TV advertising. The solution appears to be to intensify the boycott.

Crime Cures

In its December 3rd issue, *The Nation* published "The Case of the Frightened Convict" by Clay Steinman. It concerned Eddie Sanchez, an inmate of the federal penitentiary at Marion, Ill., who feared for his life because he was resisting a prison procedure called START, and who had appealed to the National Prison Project of the ACLU for help in his plight.

START is an acronym for Special Treatment and Rehabilitative Training. Prison officials describe it as a program designed to modify the behavior of recalcitrant prisoners to the point where they can be freed from solitary confinement to participate in the general prison society. Many inmates, of whom Sanchez was one, believe that this obligatory program is designed to make robots of them, for the greater convenience of their guards. They also fear START because it is even more hidden from public view than normal prison administration, and rumors of brutality have been coming over the inmate grapevine.

With this as background, the National Prison Project undertook to represent a group of START prisoners in a court action in Kansas City. There Judge John Oliver of the United States District Court, after hearing both sides of the argument, appointed a three-man panel to review the project and report to him. The reports were clearly negative and, as a result, the federal authorities have decided to abandon the START program in the Springfield, Mo. penitentiary asserting, however, that they are doing so for economic reasons, not from lack of belief in the humane effectiveness of START. (*The New York Times,* February 7.)

The National Prison Project interprets this result of the Kansas City litigation as a victory for the rights of prisoners, but it is not a conclusive victory. At most, the Federal Bureau of Prisons has retreated from an unfavorable engagement; it has not abandoned its faith in the usefulness, or propriety, of "modifying" the personality of difficult prisoners. It has on its agenda a $13 million Center for Correctional Research, to be built at Butner, N.C., about which a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee will hold hearings on February 21. It talks of setting up a similar regional facility at the old Navy brig in Portsmouth, N.H. Governors of the New England states are getting together to discuss this proposal. The fact is that correctional authorities, faced with rising problems in the governance of prison populations and the manifest inability of prisons to rehabilitate their inmates, have become fascinated in recent years with instrumental and allegedly scientific "cures" for anti-social behavior. In addition to the ladder of "awards" that constitutes the START approach, some correctional institutions have resorted to aversion techniques based on drugs; a few have experimented even with neurosurgery (See "Prison Psychiatry: The Clockwork Cure" by Bernard Weiner; *The Nation,* April 3, 1972).

Study of the causes of and possible remedies for criminal behavior is patently needed in our society, but it is a question whether those charged with keeping offenders locked up are the best students of their aberrations. And the approaches thus far preferred by the prison authorities are notable for their reliance on mechanical solutions and their apparent failure to appreciate the socio-economic roots of crime. Every year, our prisons become more conspicuously holding pens for the racial minorities; it is a situation not likely to be met by personality modification.

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POLITICS AND THE MIAs

WHAT THE WHITE HOUSE HIDES

STEPHEN S. ROSENFELD

Washington

In his State of the Union address, President Nixon pledged to press for full compliance with the Vietnam peace agreement, "particularly a provision that promised the fullest possible accounting for those Americans who are missing in action." This was a fervent, but a cruel and misleading promise. For the fact is that the families of the nearly 1,300 American MIAs have been cynically abused, and not only by North Vietnam and the Provisional Revolutionary Government, which have failed to provide one shred of information on a single MIA in the year since the Paris accords were signed, but also by President Nixon, who has yet to tell the American people why he is doing much less to put an end to this agonizing suspense than he could if he chose. It is in many respects a replay of the POW story, but perhaps sadder and even more outrageous, because of the changed circumstances of the war.

The basic situation is simple. Hanoi and the PRG returned some 600 Americans who were classified as "prisoners" after the Paris accords were signed. Politically less urgent and physically more difficult, the problem of accounting for the missing was assigned to Article 8B, which committed all parties to "help each other to get information" about MIAs; and to find and care for graves of the dead "so as to facilitate the exhumation and repatriation of the remains." (As many as 1,100 American dead are thought to be buried in Communist-controlled areas of Indochina.) But with the exception of two unproductive visits to cemeteries near Hanoi, the Communist side has not allowed any part of this article as it affects Americans to be put into effect. Indeed, on the one occasion last December 15 when Americans went searching for a grave site in a PRG-claimed area, without getting the requisite PRG permission, guerrillas opened fire on the unarmed search party and killed two men, one American, one South Vietnamese.

Why? A recent day of inquiry sponsored by Senator Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee gave the general public its first glimpse of the real answer—and its first glimpse as well of the tensions pulling at the families, torn as they are between their desperation to get word of their husbands and sons and their distrust of the various governments with which they must deal.

The real answer is that Hanoi is using the human aspect of the MIA issue as a political lever; it did the same with the POWs. And as with the POWs, Washington, rather than pay the demanded political price, instead characterizes the issue as strictly humanitarian and seeks to put on Hanoi the entire onus for not giving satisfaction. The families, perceiving this ploy only dimly, writhe.

In the Four-Party Joint Military Team, the United States has repeatedly asked the other side about its MIAs and buried dead, the categories covered by Article 8B. From the beginning of this team's meetings, however, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense Roger E. Shields told the Fulbright committee the Communist side has "insisted on discussion and linkage of other unrelated parts of the basic agreement." What "unrelated" parts? Article 8C, which covers the return of what Shields delicately called "Vietnamese civilian detainees" and what others know as the political prisoners or Communist cadre still held by President Thieu. In other words, Hanoi and the PRG wish to bargain about the MIAs, a group of great concern to the United States, for the release of Communist civilian prisoners, a group of even greater concern to themselves. The United States, responding to President Thieu's desire to spare himself political competition, contends, flimsily, that the two groups (both subsumed under Article 8) are "unrelated."

In the Four-Party Joint Military Team, Hanoi has consistently met American proposals to start on specific MIA operations with a demand that there must first be complete general agreement on all aspects of 8B. The agreement which Hanoi has drafted, said Shields, "contains many contentious and extraneous points well beyond the scope, spirit and intent of Article 8B." For instance? "One of the most objectionable of these is the construction of cemeteries, monuments and war memorials for the dead in the territory" of South Vietnam. But what is "extraneous" or "objectionable," in an Article dealing with war dead, about building cemeteries? Or is it that the United States, again protecting President Thieu, does not wish to legitimize even the slightest, most innocuous Communist movement or presence in the Thieu-controlled areas of South Vietnam? I suspect Shields is right in attributing unspecified "political goals" to Hanoi's cemetery initiative, but so what? It is idle to pretend that the various Vietnamese accepted the Paris accords for any other reason than to use them to advance their various political goals. The United States knows this perfectly well but refuses to admit it to the MIAs' families.

"Still another issue irrelevant to the work of accounting for the missing," said Shields, "is the DRV and PRG insistence that the Vietnamese next of kin be allowed to visit graves prior to or in lieu of repatriation." Such proposals, he went on, "serve not to relieve the suffering and uncertainty of the families of the missing but only to further the political goals of the DRV and PRG." Again, one must marvel at the United States' lack of confidence in Mr. Thieu, whose rule is so uncertain as to be jeopardized by the cemetery visits of survivors. Such solicitude, one could say, serves not to relieve the suffering and uncertainty of the families of the American missing but only to further the political goals of President Thieu.

The twice-weekly sessions of the Four-Power Joint Military Team, Shields reported, "have become a forum for propaganda speeches, boycotts, walkouts and general stalling tactics by the other side." What is this all about?

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Explained Shields: "The DRV and PRG have devoted many hours to the detailing of alleged violations of the agreement and cease-fire by the United States and South Vietnamese." Well, it would be a boon if the other side would confine itself to the American agenda in these sessions. To expect them to accommodate Washington on a point of special American concern, however, while waiving Washington's cooperation on points of their own special concern, is absurd. The direct American interest in seeing the Paris accords implemented is, after all, very small: an accounting of the MIAs is all we now ask for ourselves from Hanoi. But the direct Communist interest in seeing the accords implemented is immense: their whole future and the future of the country depend on it. "Their agreement to cooperate in this unfinished business would indeed be recognized through the world as a mark of humanity and good faith," Mr. Fulbright said, introducing his day of hearings. But the Communists want something other than the thanks of the world's humanitarians.

At the hearings, representatives of the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia emotionally reproached the President and Congress for "abandoning" their men. Mr. Nixon has said that "all of our prisoners of war are home," but League executive director Scott Albright said: "We did not get back all of our prisoners of war. We have not gotten back any of our dead, and the efforts to account for our missing have all but been shelved." Albright's son has been classified missing in action, in Laos, since December 13, 1968. Of the President, he said, "We have yet to hear him even hint that the accounting for our missing has come apart at the seams."

Mrs. Joseph P. Dunn, whose husband has been missing since February 14, 1968, said grimly: "Our problem has been Watergated, Agnewed, Richardsoned, energy crisised, and Mideasted practically out of existence."

"We waited patiently, and perhaps with blind faith," said E.C. Mills, whose son was declared missing as of September 21, 1966, "when our government officials asked us to keep quiet following the Paris agreement, for fear of endangering the delicate mechanism involving the prisoner release. And we perhaps lost our greatest opportunity to let the world know that the POW/MIA issue has not been solved."

Mr. Mills commented that "some of our family members are determined to prohibit service secretaries from making status changes from POW/MIA to KIA (killed in action) or PFOD (presumptive finding of death) without what they, the families, consider a sound basis. Several such changes have been made without the benefit of any new, additional information. Many families feel that hundreds of such changes might have been made without any new evidence, had not some of our members gone to court and obtained an injunction to prevent such action."

Mills urged that a worldwide campaign be mounted to put pressure on Hanoi, that reconstruction aid be denied to Hanoi, and that trade with Russia and China be limited. The State Department's specialist in POW/MIA affairs, Frank A. Sieverts, endorsed the idea of a pressure campaign—Mr. Nixon had designated the previous day "National MIA Awareness Day." Sieverts noted that the Administration has already denied reconstruction aid to Hanoi because of its attitude on the MIAs. He expressed reservations on the trade issue; in fact, trade with Russia has already been "linked" to another political issue, the emigration of Soviet Jews.

There remains, of course, an alternative, which was offered by Fulbright in a speech on the Senate floor a few days before the hearings opened. "It may be," he said, "that the only way the United States could break the deadlock [over the MIAs] would be by agreeing to discuss Hanoi's concerns about the overall implementation of the cease-fire agreement. This appears to be the message which Hanoi is seeking to convey. The pitfalls in such an approach are obvious but in the apparent absence of military or other political leverage on the North Vietnamese, it is a possibility which should be considered."

There are no signs, however, that such consideration will be given. □

'YOU FIND A WAY'

THE WOMEN OF THE BOYCOTT

BARBARA L. BAER & GLENNA MATTHEWS

Los Altos, Calif.

Dolores Huerta, vice president of the United Farm Workers, was standing on a flat-bed truck beside Cesar Chavez. She didn't show her eight-and-a-half months' pregnancy, but she looked very tired from the days and nights of organizing cross-country travel plans for the hundreds of people who were now waiting in the parking lot alongside the union headquarters at Delano, Calif. She leaned down and talked with children, her own and others. Small children held smaller ones, fathers carried babies on their shoulders.

The parking lot was filled with cars, trucks and busses, decorated with banners and signs. People sang strike songs and Chavez spoke to them about the boycott. Dolores listened intently, nodding, brushing her straight black hair away from her face from time to time and smiling softly at the children. A priest blessed the cars and busses whose destinations read like a history of the great American migrations—in reverse: "*Hasta la Victoria*—Miami!"; "*Viva la Huelga*—Cleveland!"; "*Hasta La Boycott*—Pittsburgh!"

Five years ago there would have been nothing unusual

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about hundreds of families assembling to move out with the crops, but this time the decision to pull up roots was different. The people on the dusty blacktop were UFW members and until a week earlier they had had a commitment to stay in the area. The union had made it possible for most to have a house or rent one, send their children to a school all year, get medical care. Most of these people had spent the summer on strike lines or in jails. Then, within one week of Cesar Chavez's announcement of a second national boycott of grapes, they had sold their houses and everything they could not carry with them to buy the cars, winter clothing, whatever else they might need for years outside the San Joaquin Valley. They were ready to leave by the last day in August.

We had come to Delano specifically to meet Dolores Huerta. As we waited for the caravan to leave, she told us to look well at the other women. These women were "nonmaterialistic." They packed up their families and pledged them to stay out on the boycott until the union got its grape and lettuce contracts back. If the woman of a family refuses, Dolores said, the family either breaks up or is lost to the union. Families are the most important part of the UFW because a family can stick it out in a strange place, on $5 a week per person, the wage everyone in the union is paid (plus expenses). Often the leaders would be women because women were strong in the home and becoming stronger in the union. The women decided the fate of the union, Dolores told us.

Chavez and Dolores Huerta knew the people they were talking about—and what they were asking of UFW members they asked of themselves first. All summer the union had fought to win second contracts from the grape growers in southern and central California valleys who had signed with them first in 1970. But as each contract expired, the Teamsters signed up the growers immediately—thirty at once around Delano. Chavez called the contracts illegal, "sweetheart agreements," because the workers had not voted on their representatives. Chavez called for pickets on the Teamsters-contracted fields. County courts, sympathetic to the growers, enjoined the UFW strikers from effective picketing. Thousands of clergy and students came to support the farm workers and some were jailed. Jailings and trials went on all summer.

Farm workers have never won a major strike in the fields because they are not protected by the National Labor Relations Act, whose provisions guarantee the right to picket; because growers and their allies have used violence and, most important, because there is an unlimited scab labor force across the Mexican border. There is no way to win a strike when men will scab at any price.

Toward the end of the summer the picket lines became violent. In separate incidents in the town of Arvin, two union men were killed. A sheriff struck Nagi Daifullah, a Yemenite, on the head with a flashlight. Juan de la Cruz was shot as he came off the picket line.

The United Farm Workers would not fight violence with violence. When the funerals were over, Chavez called for all strikers to get ready to leave on a second national boycott. The first had lasted five years. This one, though better organized, was more complicated: there were now grapes, wines, lettuce and Teamsters as well as the growers.

By noon the dust had settled in a low haze on this crossroads between vineyards—the stucco buildings the UFW calls "Forty Acres." The union offices were nearly empty, though telephones kept ringing. We went into a bare room with a long table to talk to Dolores Huerta.

Dolores was the first person Chavez called upon to work with him organizing farm workers into a union. That was more than a dozen years ago. She became the UFW's first vice president, its chief negotiator, lobbyist, boycott strategist and public spokeswoman. And in partnership, Dolores and Chavez formulated the UFW's nonviolent and democratic philosophy.

In 1955, Fred Ross brought Dolores Huerta to a meeting of the Community Service Organization in Stockton, and she has been in political action ever since. Ross, working in San Jose with Saul Alinsky, had taken Cesar Chavez to his first CSO meeting there. Both Dolores and Cesar say they owe their present lives to Fred Ross, and they keep drawing the thin, spare man, now 60, away from his book about the union and back into UFW struggles.

When Dolores began organizing, she already had six children and was pregnant with a seventh. Nearly twenty years later, there are ten children, and Dolores is still so slim and graceful that we find it hard to imagine her in her youth, the age of her daughter. She has not saved herself for anything, has let life draw and strain her to a fine intensity. It hasn't made her tense, harsh or dry. She shouts a lot and laughs with people. She tells us she has a sharp tongue but it seems to us she has an elusiveness of keeping her own counsel, mixed with complete directness and willingness to spend hours talking. Her long black hair is drawn back from high cheek bones, her skin is tanned reddish from the sun on the picket line, and in her deep brown eyes is a constant humor that relieves her serious manner.

Contradictions in her life must have taken, and continue to take, a toll: her many children, Catholic faith and a divorce, her high-strung nerves and the delicate health we know she disregards. It must be that her work, the amount she has accomplished and the spirit she instills in others, have healed the breaks. We talked to Dolores Huerta for several hours in the union offices when the last cars had left Delano.

"I had a lot of doubts to begin with, but I had to act in spite of my conflict between my family and my commitment. My biggest problem was not to feel guilty about it. I don't any more, but then, everybody used to lay these guilt trips on me, about what a bad mother I was, neglecting my children. My own relatives were the hardest, especially when my kids were small; you know, they were stair steps—I had six and one on the way when I started—and I was driving around Stockton with all these little babies in the car, the different diaper changes for each one. It's always hard, not just because you're a woman but because it's hard to really make that commitment. It's in your own head. I'm sure my own life was better because of my involvement. I was able to go through a lot of very serious personal problems and survive them because I had something else to think about. Otherwise, I might have gotten engulfed in my personal

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difficulties and, I think, I probably would have gone under.

"If I hadn't met Fred Ross then, I don't know if I ever would have been organizing. People don't realize their own worth and I wouldn't have realized what I could do unless someone had shown faith in me. At that time we were organizing against racial discrimination—the way Chicanos were treated by police, courts, politicians. I had taken the *status quo* for granted, but Fred said it could change. So I started working.

"The way I first got away from feeling guilty about neglecting my family was a religious cop-out, I guess. I had serious doubts whether I was doing the right thing, giving kids a lousy supper to go to a council meeting. So I would pray and say, if what I was doing wasn't bearing fruit, then it would be a sign I shouldn't be doing it. When good things came out of my work, when it bore fruit, I took that as a sign I should continue and that the sacrifices my family and I were making were justified.

"Of course, I had no way of knowing what the effects on my kids would be. Now, ten years later, I can look back and say it's O.K. because my kids turned out fine, even though at times they had to fend for themselves, other people took care of them, and so on. I have a kind of proof: my ex-husband took one of my kids, Fidel, during the first strike. We didn't have any food or money, there was no way I could support him. He was eating all right, like all the strikers' kids, but on donations. So my ex-husband took the boy until he was 11. I got him back just last year. He had a lot of nice clothes and short hair, but he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. When my ex-husband tried to take another boy, the judge ruled against him. You could see the difference when you compared the two kids—one was skinny and in raggedy clothes and with long hair, but real well, happy. Fidel is coming back now to the way he used to be, and he's got long hair too.

"We haven't had a stable place to live—I haven't been anywhere for more than two months, except in New York on the boycott—since 1970. But taking my kids all over the states made them lose their fear of people, of new situations. Most of us have to be mobile. But the kids are in school, they go to school and work on the boycott. Even the 10-year-olds are out on the boycott in the cities.

"My kids are totally politicized mentally and the whole idea of working without materialistic gain has made a great difference in the way they think. When one of our supporters came to take my daughter to buy new clothes in New York, she was really embarrassed. We never buy new clothes, you know, we get everything out of the donations. She said, 'Mama, the lady wanted to buy me a lot of new things, but I told her they didn't fit me.' You know, she came home with a couple of little things to please the lady, but she didn't want to be avaricious. Her values are people and not things. It has to be that way—that's why everyone who works full-time for the union gets $5 a week, plus gas money and whatever food and housing they need to live on, live on at the minimum they can."

How has it happened, we asked, that in the very culture from which the word *"machismo"* derives, the women have more visible, vocal and real power of decision than women elsewhere? Dolores told us that the union had made a conscious effort to involve women, given them every chance for leadership, but that the men did not always want it.

"I really believe what the feminists stand for. There is an undercurrent of discrimination against women in our own organization, even though Cesar goes out of his way to see that women have leadership positions. Cesar always felt strongly about women in the movement. This time, no married man went out on the boycott unless he took his wife. We find day care in the cities so the women can be on the picket line with the men. It's a great chance for participation. Of course we take it for granted now that women will *want* to be as involved as men. But in the beginning, at the first meetings, there were only men. And a certain discrimination still exists. Cesar—and other men—treat us differently. Cesar's stricter with the women, he demands more of us. But the more I think of it, the more I'm convinced that the women have gotten stronger because he expects so much of us. You could even say it's gotten lopsided . . . women are stronger than the men.

"Women in the union are great on the picket line. More staying power, and we're nonviolent. One of the reasons our union *is* nonviolent is that we want our women and children involved, and we stay nonviolent because of the women and children.

"One time the Teamsters were trying to provoke a fight to get our pickets arrested. Forty, fifty police were waiting with paddy wagons. We had about 300 people. The Teamsters attacked the line with 2 X 4 boards. I was in charge of the line. We made the men go to the back and placed the women out in front. The Teamsters beat our arms but they couldn't provoke the riot they wanted, and we didn't give in. The police stood there, watched us get beaten; the D.A. wouldn't even let us sign a *complaint*. But we had gained a lot of respect from our men. Excluding women, protecting them, keeping women at home, that's the middle-class way. Poor people's movements have always had whole families on the line, ready to move at a moment's notice, with more courage because that's all we had. It's a class not an ethnic thing."

We knew that the women of the UFW found themselves in a unique situation. Unlike the sex-determined employment of the urban poor, the jobs of farm worker women and men had always been the same. They *had* to work, but it wasn't housework or even factory work, separating them from men. Women had picked, pruned and packed in fields, cannery and shed side by side with men. But would the women decide to let the men organize the union? Dolores Huerta had spoken for herself alone; the resolution of conflicts between family and political, union action, would come to each UFW woman in her own terms.

Lupe Ortiz has been an organizer in a union field office since she left school. She is about 25, a natural leader, with a quality of making people laugh to get work done. Yet for all her big voice and humor, she didn't know how women could assert themselves at home as they did at work. What she told us seemed the reverse of our more familiar, middle-class feminism; here, by contrast, a woman insisted on work equality, and in

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large part received it, but she wouldn't challenge the traditional order of the family.

As Lupe directed her male co-workers in Spanish, she expounded to us in English the differences between "Anglo" and Chicano women. "You Anglo women, you do it your way, but I don't ever want to be equal to my husband."

"You get the same salary; don't you want the same voice at home?"

"In work, but not at home. No, at home you have to know when to open your mouth and when not to. You have to learn you can't go places men go, like bars."

"Don't you want it to change? For men to act as though you're equal?"

"It's not exactly equality. It's our culture. I don't want our Chicano culture to change. Let men have the say-so." Lupe laughed, this time openly, as she looked at the men in the office. "I bet *you* split up with your husbands more often than we do because you make head-on conflicts."

Ester Yurande, a generation older than Lupe, showed a generation difference in her appearance: she was as carefully, femininely dressed, with lovely long hair and glittering earrings, as Lupe had been rugged in jeans, sweatshirt and close-cropped curls. Ester had worked in the fields until she became the bookkeeper for the Medical Clinic at Forty Acres. She had been a UFW member from the start, been jailed in the early 1960s. How, we asked her, had the union changed the lives of the women who came to the clinic?

"A doctor treats us with dignity now. We don't get charity when we're having a baby, we get care. It's to do with pride. Mexican women around here used to do what the men said, but Dolores Huerta was our example of something different. We could see one of our leaders was a woman, and she was always out in front, and she would talk back. She wasn't scared of anything."

Dolores herself had told us that she didn't hesitate to argue. "You know, Cesar has fired me fifteen times, and I must have quit about ten. Then, we'll call each other up and get back to work. There have been times when I should have fought harder. When he tells me now, 'you're getting really impossible, arguing all the time,' I say, 'you haven't seen anything yet. I'm going to get worse.' Because from now on I'm going to fight really, really hard when I believe something. There have been times I haven't. I can be wrong, too, but at least it will be on the record how I felt."

When we asked Ester how she felt about fighting back herself, she didn't want to answer. We had become outsiders once more, women who didn't comprehend her way. Men have accepted strong women in the union, but there remains deeply engrained in these women a respect for their men's *machismo*.

There is a religious fervor about the union, which has made its members call it La Causa. Perhaps the closeness of the Catholic Church to the movement is one more reason women have been able to identify with its goals. The UFW women have brought their personal

John Nicholais

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strength and their faith to the union; the union in turn has reinforced and completed their lives by giving them a direct form of action and an ideal.

Dolores, very religious herself, told us that women were most important to the union because a woman determined the fate of a whole family. If a *wife* was for the union, Dolores said, then the husband would be, too. If she was not, if she was afraid or too attached to her home and possessions, then the family usually stayed out of the union, or it broke up. There had been a number of broken marriages that had cost the union the strength of a united family.

Maria-Luisa Rangel did not want to go out on the first boycott. At that time—in 1968—many women were staying in California while the men lived together in boycott houses in Eastern cities. The Rangels, parents of eight children, had saved enough money to own part of a family store, and they owned their home in the small town of Dinuba, near Fresno. They would have to part with both if they went to Detroit for two years. Hijino Rangel was determined to go. So Maria-Luisa went. Looking at her unsoftened features, her inaccessible but not unfriendly black eyes, we sensed the strength that had enabled her then to wrench herself away from everything she owned and keep her family together. She had a hard time in Detroit; she didn't know much English, the climate was completely strange and she had two operations in the city. But when they returned to the valley in 1970, the Rangels knew that they had helped win the boycott that secured the 180 union contracts with grape growers of the Coachella and San Joaquin Valleys. And the experience had worked on Maria-Luisa. She spoke out as a representative of the union about the present boycott. "It's just like it was then. The struggle is for the people to win, not the growers but the people. I know it, and *they*—the growers—know it."

Women have paid different prices for making the union part of their lives. The 100 women who spent many weeks in Fresno jails last summer (for violating anti-picket injunctions) ranged from minors to great-grandmothers. There were field workers and nuns, lay religious women and union officials. For some of the Chicano women, it was a reminder of previous jailings when no nuns had been present and the guards had beaten "the Mexicans." For others, it was the first time, and almost a vacation from their daily lives. Work-hardened baked hands became almost soft. All the women shared their experiences—the farm workers told city women like Dorothy Day, editor of the *Catholic Worker*, about their struggle, and learned from her about women's movements in the cities and in the Church.

Maximina de la Cruz and her husband, Juan, were born around 1910 in Mexico. Juan entered America on the bracero program, picked crops in Texas, and then in New Mexico, where Maximina worked in a clothing factory. They married, moved with their son to the San Joaquin Valley in 1960, and joined the union during the first strikes in 1965. Juan de la Cruz was killed last summer by a man who fired his .22-caliber rifle into the picket line from a truck. Maximina told us she remembers that many times the growers or the Teamsters put on deputy badges, joined in beating the farm workers, and then arrested them on grounds of self-defense. The man who shot de la Cruz has entered a plea in the valley courts that he shot defending himself from the picket line.

Maximina was observing the thirty-day mourning period when we came to her home in Arvin. Hearing us arrive, she and her mother, Porfiria Coronado, met us at their gate, and without a word, in the dark, she took us, with hands that felt like warm, worked clay, into her living room. Candles beneath pictures of saints and near a wedding photograph were the only light. As the night went on, she told us of her early life of hardship, the many moves, purchase of their small house, and the changes the UFW had made in their lives.

"We *know* the growers. They want to go back to the old days, the way it was before we had a union, when we got a dollar an hour, no toilets or water in the fields, no rest periods, and they could kick you out without any pay for not picking fast enough. A whole family earned less than one union man today. They fought us hard and dirty each time, but we didn't give in. We won't. This time we're out in the cities again to tell the good people what it is like to work here. I'm staying on here, and I'll be back at work in the fields, but not until the union gets its contracts back. I might have to wait a while but I know people will understand and help us win back our union. I'm proud to be a woman here. Juan was proud of the union. You know, on the picket lines, we were so gay, peaceful and *attrativas*, even the grandmothers. Until *they* shot their gun."

Except for the Catholic Church, the powerful and wealthy institutions of California have opposed the UFW at one time or another. Grower-biased central valley law enforcement and the courts have made a mockery of legal institutions; agri-business has never given up trying to break the union through legislation; Gov. Ronald Reagan has been photographed eating scab grapes; even the U.S. Government helped the growers by buying non-union lettuce in great quantity to ship to troops in Vietnam. Yet the greater the odds, the more the union has come to represent poor people against the rich and mighty. Dolores Huerta fights best when the situation looks bleakest. She attributes her refusal to give up to her mother's influence.

"My mother was one of those women who do a lot. She was divorced, so I never really understood what it meant for a woman to take a back seat to a man. My brothers would say, 'Mama spoiled you,' because she pushed me to the front. When I was first involved in organizing, my mom would watch the kids for me, but then she got involved herself and she couldn't baby-sit any more. She won the first prize in Stockton for registering voters and increasing membership.

"To tell the truth, I was prejudiced against women for a long time and I didn't realize it. I always liked to be with men because I thought they were more interesting and the women only talked of kids. But I was afraid of women, too. It was in the union that I lost my fear of being around women. Or put it this way, I learned to respect women. Cesar's wife, Helen Chavez, helped me more than anyone else. She was really committed to home. Actually, Cesar's toughest organizing jobs were

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on Helen, his wife, and Richard, his brother. They wanted to lead their own lives. Helen kept saying she wouldn't do anything, and she's so strong and stubborn you couldn't convince her to change her mind. She took care of the food and the kids, and while Cesar was organizing she was supporting them, too, working in the fields. Cesar, keeping his *machismo* intact in those days, would make her come home and cook dinner.

"We wanted her to learn the credit union bookkeeping. We yelled at her one night into the kitchen, 'You're going to be the assistant bookkeeper.' She yelled back, 'No, I won't either,' but we voted her the job. Boy was she mad! But you should see her books. We've been investigated a hundred times and they never find a mistake."

The union had to teach its members—farm workers with almost no education or training—the professional skills it required. Marie Sabadado, who directs the R. F. Kennedy Medical Plan, Helen Chavez, head of the credit union, and Dolores, chief negotiator and writer of labor contracts, taught themselves. Dolores made it sound almost easy to learn very specialized skills in a week's time.

"When Cesar put me in charge of negotiations in our first contract, I had never seen a contract before. I talked to labor people, I got copies of contracts and studied them for a week and a half, so I knew something when I came to the workers. Cesar almost fell over because I had my first contract all written and all the workers had voted on the proposals. He thought we ought to have an attorney, but really it was better to put the contracts in a simple language. I did all the negotiations myself for about five years. Women should remember this: be resourceful, you can do anything, whether you have experience or not. Cesar always says that the first education of people is how to be people and then the other things fall into place.

"I think women are particularly good negotiators because we have a lot of patience, and no big ego trips to overcome. Women are more tenacious and that helps a great deal. It unnerves the growers to negotiate with us. Cesar always wanted to have an *all-woman* negotiating team. Growers can't swear back at us or at each other. And then we bring in the ethical questions, like how our kids live. How can the growers really argue against what should be done for human beings just to save money?"

We knew everyone was immensely proud of the union services. We also knew that the legal staff (as well as the doctors and nurses at the clinic) were volunteer lawyers from the outside. In the past, the growers got rid of nascent farm-worker organizations by breaking them in the courts. The UFW has an excellent, tough legal staff. But to stay permanently with the union doctors and lawyers need to come from the farm workers themselves. The union will have to send its men and women out of the community for training. There has never been the luxury of a few years in which to do so, and there is a certain fear of becoming "corrupted" by the universities.

The United Farm Workers headquarters are located in Delano, between Bakersfield and Fresno, and also at La Paz, a town no larger than a half-block of post office, store and gas station, east of Bakersfield in the Tehachapi range. Union field offices lie in small towns in the central valleys. From anywhere in these valleys it is about three hours, north to San Francisco, or south to Los Angeles on any of the state's three parallel freeways. Meeting only union people, in their austere but clean and bright offices, we hadn't seen what local field-worker conditions were like. We took a look at some company towns by leaving the freeways and taking side roads at random into the fields.

Company towns are wholly dependent for their income on the prosperity and good will of the growers. Since the big growers are the last employers in America to escape collective bargaining, one can judge their civic responsibility by the looks of the town: boarded-up or gutted buildings, cracked sidewalks, decaying stores—they all show that the growers spend their profits on themselves. Only the bars, preserves of the men, where the wine is sold, do business.

Livingston is a company town of Gallo wines near Merced on Highway 99. Outside the town, the Gallo brothers haven't hidden their wealth. They have splendid houses, isolated even from one another, surrounded by velvety slopes leading to pools, tennis courts and greenhouses. Not far away, but well hidden, the Gallo workers live in company camps lost at dusty terminals of country roads in the shadow of enormous vats guarded by armed men. When we were there, a determined nucleus of UFW strikers who had refused to work under Gallo's new Teamster contract, had also refused to obey the grower's eviction notices. For that, they had been deprived of garbage collection and water.

Downtown Livingston seemed only slightly less bleak than the camps. Fifty people had gathered in front of the local courthouse for a silent protest against the imprisonment of fellow strikers. Aggie Rose, a former elementary schoolteacher of Portuguese ancestry, was head of the union office. As she spoke to the men and women forming the procession, encouraging and exhorting them in Spanish and Portuguese to keep their spirits up, the intensity of her light eyes, her constantly moving thin figure, momentarily brought life back into the town. The line of marchers circled the courthouse for a while. Police in squad cars hovered along dark streets. There was nothing to do but disperse.

Dolores would soon be back in New York directing the East Coast boycott. She was determined that we understand, before we left, why the union would not be defeated, not even in Livingston.

"One of the reasons the growers are fighting us so hard is that they realize we're changing people, not just getting a paycheck for them. Without our militancy we wouldn't have a union. So we keep pushing our people, getting them out on other issues, like the tuition rise in California colleges, or the Presidential campaign. We had farm workers out door to door for McGovern. And when our people come back from the boycott, they will be stronger than ever."

We asked Dolores whether she had ever been scared,

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or lacked confidence in her ability to organize people.

"Of course. I've been afraid about everything until I did it. I started out every time not knowing what I was to do and scared to death. When Cesar first sent me to New York on the boycott it was the first time we'd done anything like that. There were no ground rules. I thought, 11 million people in New York, and I have to persuade them to stop buying grapes. Well, I didn't do it alone. When you need people, they come to you. You find a way . . . it gets easier all the time." □

'YOU KNOW WHO I SEEN?'

THE CULT OF THE CELEBRITY

STUDS TERKEL

In his introduction to the third edition of Earl Blackwell's *Celebrity Register*, Cleveland Amory (who edited the first two) observes: "I now believe that the idea of registering celebrities is at least as valid for our time as the *Social Register* was for its time—circa 1880." He is right, of course. They are of equal value.

And Blackwell's index does reflect our time. Several years ago, C. Wright Mills pointed out: "In the world of the celebrity, the hierarchy of publicity has replaced the hierarchy of descent and even of great wealth." This heavy book—it runs to almost 600 outsized pages—contains about 2,000 names and faces from A to Z—Hank Aaron to Adolph Zukor. Athletics, finance, the fine arts, politics, science, fashion, sex: the achievers in those worlds are here celebrated. But the *sina qua non* for making it in these pages is not accomplishment. It is being "famous." Having a name, face or reputation. The arbiter is Blackwell, co-founder of Celebrity Service, Inc., whose own face, in the company of others similarly celebrated, has graced whiskey ads.

The late Vince Garrity had one of Chicago's most famous faces and reputations. "My life," he once told me, "has been a life of knowing everybody, regardless of who they are or what they do." His life as a celebrity began one memorable summer evening in 1937. "The President of the United States came here to open the bridge. As the car made the turn, I jumped up on the side of it and had my picture taken. About nine hands grabbed me and I flew right off again. That's how I got to know the Secret Service men. I happened to be in the right place at the right time.

"I happened to be with Tim O'Connor the day he was replaced as Police Commissioner. (*Author's note*: after the Summerdale police scandal, O.W. Wilson was chosen to replace O'Connor.) I was with John Prendergast the day he replaced John Allman. And I was with Allman the day he replaced Alcock. I became office boy to Mayor Kelly because he always saw me around with big shots. I worked the telethon on TV to raise money for a good cause. I brought Snite, the famous boy in the iron lung, downtown.

"I got known during the milk strike many years ago. The dairy I was working for was bombed. I picked it up and gave it to Jimmy Gallagher (*author's note*: J.G. subsequently became G.M. of the Cubs), which wasn't very nice. But he threw it out and we saved the dairy. That's how I first got to know Walter Winchell.

"When I was seriously ill, Father O'Malley, Rabbi Binstock and Preston Bradley of the Protestant faith were all three at my bedside. I'm sure their prayers helped a lot."

As I strolled along the streets of Chicago in the company of Vince—he had the air of The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo—everybody waved at us, pointed, murmured, gawked. Hardly a day passed without some admirer requesting his autograph. I assume, were my friend among us today, he'd have made *Celebrity Register*, third edition. Certainly he had the requisites as set down by Amory and Blackwell.

A minor syndicate tiger of my acquaintance—occupation: juice man—reflected on his big brother's glory moment. "He was in trouble. They accused him of threatening to break a guy's legs. All the papers had him on the front page. They had him on television. He was scared. What was gonna happen to his income? People would shy away from him. I said to him, 'Fool, you'll be able to raise all the money in the world. You'll be *known*.' He came back in a week. He says, 'I raised fourteen thousand.' I says, 'Fool, you could've doubled it. People want to help people, especially a celebrity.' He was on *television*, for God's sake! People worship celebrities."

Unfortunately, my acquaintance's big brother would be rejected out of hand by Mr. Blackwell. "Sometimes one spectacular event," Blackwell informs us, "can catapult an unknown into instant celebrity (Neil Armstrong, Mark Spitz), while another spectacular event of less savory import can banish a formerly powerful person to non-celebrity land (H.R. Haldeman, John Mitchell—although Martha is still a celebrity)." Mr. Blackwell, one sees, is a moralist though not a seer. Spiro Agnew is listed, having the longest profile. Blackwell's style and perceptiveness are stunning; he concludes this entry: "Of the future, no one can guarantee that the odyssey of the first Vice President of Greek origin will not be as filled with suspense and turns of fortune as that of Homer's epic hero." *Celebrity Register* obviously went to press before Agnew's troubles went public. Howard Hughes is, of course, listed.

Amory and Blackwell are wistfully aware of fame's evanescence and the risks of being chroniclers of

Studs Terkel's latest book is Working: What People Do All Day and How They Feel About It, *to be published this spring by Pantheon Books.*

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the celebrated. A few months ago, I accompanied Alger Hiss as he checked in at a Loop hotel. The credit manager, on seeing the signature, blinked. "Oh, you recognize the name?" I asked. "And how!" He was, it appeared, somewhat impressed. "You know who I had last week? Shep Fields of Rippling Rhythm!" The manager was, I must admit, somewhat advanced in years.

Celebrity Register is, in the manner of the hotel credit manager and the academician, who works for the Pentagon, value free. Thus there are endearing juxtapositions, the list being alphabetical: Ralph Nader and Joe Namath; Heinrich Böll and Pat Boone; Lewis Mumford and George Murphy; Eudora Welty and Mary Wells (the Madison Avenue agency head: "Love is the key word. Too many ads are cold, too filled with jargon. You have to talk person to person with people, use people terms . . . touch them, show humanness and warmth . . . charm them with vignettes . . . you have to make them feel good about the product so they'll love you."); Pablo Casals and Johnny Carson; Pablo Neruda and Peter Nero; Edward Dahlberg and Richard J. Daley.

Remarkable though this work is, the editor might have done still better had he called on the services of David Lefkowitz, a professional autograph hound who doubles as a Good Humor man. Charlotte Curtis quotes him: "I like big people. I like Mayors, Governors, Presidents. Or famous stars or Secretaries of State." Though he disdains Henry Ford, he is impressed by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt "because he's a millionaire and a gentleman. I mean he's loaded. I can tell you that." In this one instance, Lefkowitz and Blackwell are in agreement: Vanderbilt is listed in *CR*. But where is W. Clement Stone? He is a millionaire and a gentleman and I mean he's loaded.

Mr. Stone, president of the Combined Insurance Company of America, was the single greatest individual contributor to Richard Nixon's 1972 campaign. He is a celebrated philanthropist, who was listed in *Fortune* as one of America's new centi-millionaires. And talk about personality. (As Amory and Blackwell do.) Stone has a pencil-thin mustache ("in those days, movie stars Ronald Colman, John Gilbert and others, did it"); he wears a wide bow tie ("it's an indication of an extrovert, someone with a high energy level, someone who has drive, who gets things done"); he smokes long thick Cuban cigars ("when we had our Castro troubles, I bought up the equivalent of three warehouses. If you take the label off, you'll see it's '59"). His laugh is unique; it has a five-note rise. He was just one gaffe away from being our Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

I phoned Mr. Stone, after a second look into Blackwell. He was his usual ebullient self. "No, I'm not bothered at being left out. Not in the least. There isn't any part of the world, whether it's downtown Chicago or Hong Kong, that an average minimum of six people on the street don't stop me to tell me how much better their lives were affected by my writings, speeches and TV appearances." Mr. Stone is an apostle of PMA (Positive Mental Attitude) and has written *Success Through PMA* and *The Success System That Never Fails*. Rudi Gernreich is in *CR*; W. Clement Stone is not. Do six people in a Hong Kong street stop Rudi Gernreich and ask for *his* autograph?

Nor is Arny Freeman listed. "I did this TV commercial in '64. A thing called Byrrh on the Rocks. (*Author's note*: pronounced as in "beer.") I now know what it's like to be famous. I couldn't walk down the street, I'd be mobbed. People would grab me, 'Hey, Byrrh on the Rocks! You're the guy!' They'd pin me against the wall and the guy would say to his wife, 'Hey, look who I got here!' I once got out of the subway at Times Square and a guy grabbed me and slammed me against the wall. Crowds of people gathered around. Because of that little TV box. They don't know your name, but once they see your face, you're so familiar. It was really terrifying, but I enjoyed it very much. It was great. It was like being a short Rock Hudson." If Arny doesn't have the attributes of a celebrity, who does?

I don't mean to cavil. *Celebrity Register* is a book that, after its own fashion, illuminates our times. Jerome Zerbe, who is still in, explained, on some other occasion, the difference between Then and Now. It was he, during the depression, who photographed socialites. Alchemist that he was, he transmuted them into celebrities. "They were the top, top social. These are the people whose houses, one knew, were filled with treasures. These were the women who dressed the best. These were the women who had the most beautiful jewels. These were the dream people we all looked up to, and hoped we and our friends could know and be like."

Zerbe may be speaking for himself and the millions of Zerbes in the world; gossip society's sycophants. Yet, as Mills suggested, the new element of publicity, instantaneously offered through the new technology, radio and TV, changed the hallmark of the celebrity. To the anonymous many today, the celebrities are "the dream people we all look up to," but hardly hope "we and our friends could somehow know and be like."

The presence of the celebrity, black or white, evokes a set response: awe. Occasionally, there is the tentative brush with familiarity; a touch, as one might an icon; but it's genuflection all the way. Neither circumstance, place nor race matters. It may be on the street, in an auditorium or at a funeral. The actor, Rip Torn, recounts an episode at his father's funeral. He had returned to Texas for the services. At the bier of the elder Torn, a minister, patently hostile (Rip had a "reputation"), nonetheless approached him for an autograph—"for my daughter," the reverend murmured reverently. He held forth a church pledge card.

At Mahalia Jackson's funeral service in Chicago, directed with reverence by Mayor Richard J. Daley, the expected response forthcame as Sammy Davis, Jr. appeared on stage. An awesome murmur arose from the thousands of mourners. He approached the microphone, some 10 feet from the casket, and read a message. It was a touching tribute to Mahalia: "She made a joyful noise unto the Lord," et cetera. Toward the end of the eulogy, the performer paused—a soulful moment—and intoned softly, "Signed, Richard M. Nixon." The applause was thunderous, wave after wave, enough to drown Pharaoh's army.

The medium and the message were one, via the voice of the black celebrity and the words of the white celebrity (or those of his P.R. man in charge of such ritual). Sammy, having done his turn, apologized to the assem-

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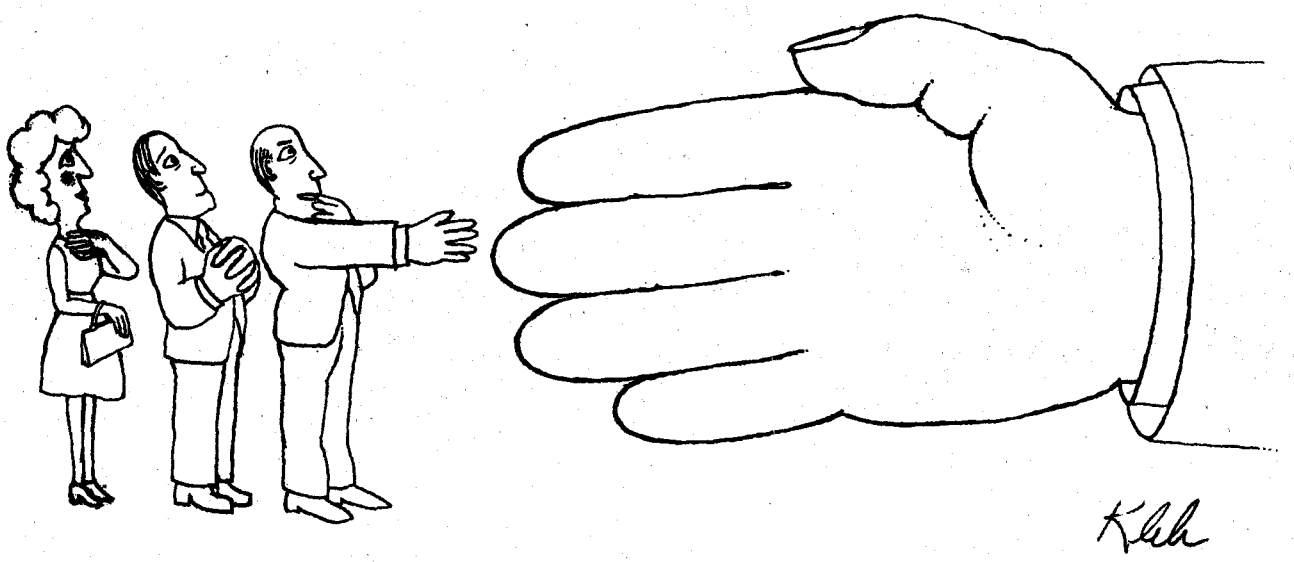

blage for "rushing off" and left in the company of a White House courier. Again, applause. It was, after all, performed without a hitch. And we had been amazingly graced by a celebrated presence, brief though it may have been. (In *Celebrity Register,* Davis is quoted: "Money don't make you free. Popularity don't make you free. Sure I live in Beverly Hills, but I'm shackled to the same thing that happened to the brother in Watts. . . . Our real religion and the thing that connects us is our blackness. The religion of blackness, that's it.")

That the President may never have heard Mahalia Jackson sing, let alone understood the meaning of *Move On Up A Little Higher, I'm On My Way,* or *Hold On,* is wholly beside the point. It is possible that the Mayor, too, may have been thus underprivileged. No matter. It was he, Richard J. Daley, to whom tribute was paid that morning, as much as the dead artist. For certainly, he is Chicago's number-one celebrity.

On another occasion, I was hurrying toward the O'Hare Airport terminal. It was not till I was near Baggage Claim that I sensed an excited, indeed exhilarated peering, whispering, craning and the turning of heads. Passengers, old people, small children, skycaps and stewardesses were in an agitated state. They were pointing around me. I turned around. An elderly man in white (Mark Twain?)—suit, mustache and goatee—was acknowledging the tribute. Genially he nodded and grandly waved his cane. It was, of course, Colonel Sanders. Life was indeed finger-lickin' good.

For the anonymous millions, whose actual lives are somewhat less than finger-lickin' good, there is a surrogate life to be daily lived. It makes the day go faster for Teddy, the doorman, who watches human traffic at a Loop office building. "Hey," there's a fever to his usual monotone, "who was that just come in? I seen that face I know. He's supposed to be somebody famous." It matters little whether the face, probably one that has appeared on a TV talk, represents a commercial, a political idea, an art, a science or a call house—for Teddy it is enough. Two, three such winners a week and he has it made.

Others, less fortunate, must make do with images on the TV screen. On rare occasions, when the image in some occult manner materializes on the street, at the airport or in some lucky somebody's cab, the anonymous one experiences the shock of recognition. If the face is Bill Russell's or, God willing, Charlton Heston's, it may provide conversation for an otherwise lost weekend. In any event, it helps the faceless face survive the day.

During the Democratic convention of 1968, the usual dog days of August assumed a wolfish air for some Chicagoans, out of uniform as well as in. They had occasion to brush against someone who had himself brushed against a celebrated shoulder. Thus I found myself at a neighborhood bar the day after I had appeared on the *Today* show. My portrait of the local Buddha hadn't been flattering and I was, at the moment, in Daley territory. A patron bawled out, "Hey, you! I wanna talk to you!" Reluctantly and somewhat perversely, I came toward him. Was the bottle of bourbon I had just bought enough of a defensive weapon, just in case . . . ? He had the mark of the true believer; or so I thought. "Were you on the *Today* show yesterday?" I mumbled something. He sidled off the stool and shoved his face close to mine (his power was 100 proof). Reverently, he murmured, "What's Hugh Downs really like?"

The awe of the celebrated image did not come into play with television or with radio. It's been around ever since Born Losers were many and Successes few. Propinquity has, however, heightened the illusion of the Loser's delight as it has diminished his sense of self. Mike LeFevre, a steelworker, may have stated what the many feel but cannot say. "Somebody built the Pyramids. Pyramids, Empire State Building; these things just don't happen. I would like to see a building, say the Empire State—I would like to see one side of it, say a foot-wide strip from top to bottom, with the name of every bricklayer, the name of every electrician, with all the names. So when a guy walked by, he could take his son and say, 'See, that's me over there on the 45th floor.' Everybody should have something to point to."

Until that wish-day comes, there will be merely a pointing *at* Colonel Sanders and his celebrated colleagues. In the world of the noncelebrated man, the plastic face of the celebrity has replaced his own. *Celebrity Register* is, thus, a plastic book—and, in that sense, a memento of our

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times. It costs $35 and weighs approximately 3¾ pounds. It is so designed that it is not too difficult to carry under your arm. What with muggings so frequent, it's a handy weapon to have on your person. Remember "The Boar's Head Carol"? It celebrated the manner in which a medieval Oxonian used Aristotle to good advantage. The student, on being attacked by a wild boar, shoved *Metaphysics* down the beast's throat. We understand he made it safely to chapel. In this respect, Blackwell is as valuable as Aristotle. □

QUANDARY OF AFFLUENCE

THE DANISH APPLECART

BRIAN PATRICK McGUIRE

Copenhagen

History can sometimes be ruthless, even in an enlightened and peaceful place like Denmark. Here is one way of looking at the events of the 1970s thus far:

February 1971: A millionaire lawyer appearing on television holds up his tax card to show the Danish people, the highest taxed in the world, that he pays no tax at all.

April 1972: The millionaire, Mogens Glistrup, has formed a political party which promises virtually to abolish income tax. Members give out balloons on Stroget, the Copenhagen walking street. The press covers it as a happening, and everyone chuckles at this absurd man. At the same time, the tax authorities begin investigating his papers and start a case against him for tax evasion.

April 1973: Public opinion polls give Glistrup's Progress Party 25 per cent of the vote. Established politicians shudder privately but claim in public that this is just a wave of dissatisfaction that will soon pass over.

December 1973: Glistrup gets nearly 20 per cent of the popular vote in a general election and finds himself at the head of the second largest party in the Danish Parliament. At the same time his tax case has gone to court, and there is talk of abolishing his parliamentary immunity so that he can be prosecuted.

And so a fat, arrogant, mildly ridiculous genius of publicity has charmed almost half a million of the 3 million voters into supporting his bid to abolish the income tax system—and with it the civil service and the whole structure of the Danish welfare state.

Time magazine trumpeted that Denmark had never come closer to revolution since the mythical days of Hamlet and Claudius. *The New York Times* deplored the decline of democracy in Scandinavia, as well as in other parts of the world. Even the *CBS Evening News* gave time to the election, with apologies for mentioning events in such a small country. Sober Walter Cronkite couldn't help smiling at such a preposterous man as Mogens Glistrup.

Brian McGuire is a graduate of the University of California (1968) with a doctorate in history from Oxford. He is formerly a tutor at St. John's College, Annapolis, and is now teaching at the University of Copenhagen, where he is completing a book on the Middle Ages in Denmark.

The American news media were especially fascinated by Glistrup's genial remark about getting rid of the Danish Army and substituting for it an automatic telephone answering service that would say, in perfect Russian, "We surrender." Glistrup will willingly repeat such fancies in graceless English to any interviewer who cares to hear them, for he basks in all the press space he gets abroad. He claims that he is better known to foreigners now than Hans Christian Andersen himself. But Americans should not take Glistrup's defense plans too seriously, for he is not above contradicting himself in order to please or shock his listeners.

Glistrup's personality is complex, devious and fascinating, but what is important at the moment is not the man but the incredible support he enjoys. One might think that a man who exploits loopholes in the tax law in order to pay nothing at all would outrage hard-working and conscientious Danes, who pay up to 40 per cent of their incomes in direct taxes. Instead, they at first envied his cleverness and now have bamboozled themselves into believing that they can do the same. Some German newspapers have suggested that the Danes have lost their heads, and it may be true. But the real tragedy is that Scandinavian democracy is in trouble, for Scandinavia is still the only part of the world where liberal democracy and the welfare state have been able to maintain a somewhat harmonious marriage.

That union passed its golden anniversary in the beginning of the 1970s. It has given three generations some of the most stable democratic governments in the world. Denmark since 1920 has had only seventeen different ministries, while in Sweden the Social Democratic government has been ruling uninterrupted since the close of World War II. Last fall, however, the Swedish Social Democrats took a sound beating in an election and now can govern only with Communist support. In Norway the Workers' Party similarly lost many votes, while Anders Lange's party, a carbon copy of Glistrup's, picked up four seats.

But Denmark experienced the greatest revolt from traditional voting patterns. Not only did Glistrup win twenty-eight seats in a parliament of 175 but the total number of parties represented in the Danish Folketing doubled—from five to ten. At the moment, Denmark is virtually ungovernable, for no coalition of parties with similar interests and policies has been able to form. Denmark's Liberal Party, Venstre, the old farmers'

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party which is trying to update its image, has taken on the government alone, with only twenty-two seats. The present Prime Minister, Poul Hartlin, practically shoved his way to the post during long weeks of negotiations after the December 4th election. All through January his government was unable to get a single important law passed. A number of emergency measures to deal with the energy crisis remain stuck in committee, and already there is talk of another election.

This state of political near anarchy poses two questions for anyone concerned with the survival of democracy: how did it get this way and what are the prospects for the future? Without going into technicalities of Danish politics, I shall try to present the picture that I have formed after living in Denmark for three years and adopting it as my country. Like thousands of other Americans who matured politically in the 1960s, Scandinavia has been for me a symbol of tolerance, social solidarity and, to use a battle-worn phrase, participatory democracy. I still think highly of Scandinavia, but I wonder now if I have been living what Ibsen calls a "life lie," and if it is about to be shattered.

Glistrup's success, as well as the defeat of the "old parties" which in various combinations have governed Denmark since the war, is largely due to the fact that not until the 1960s did most Danes begin to live well. For one sweet decade they never had it so good. Now in the 1970s they are afraid of losing it all.

Many Americans look back upon the 1950s as a time of stillness and apathy, while taking for granted the fact that they had a high standard of living. Most Danes mainly remember the 1950s for the rationing, shortages and poor quality of available products. The American boring decade was the Danish gray decade. Then during the 1960s, refrigerators and other electrical appliances became common in Danish homes. Cars began to be looked upon as necessities. Working-class families began to move out of crowded inner-city apartments into homes of their own. In 1960, for the first time since 1930, unemployment fell below 5 per cent. After decades of fear, thousands of people could feel secure in their jobs, and even think of changing to better ones. Society became more mobile and emigration from farm to factory, which had been going on since the 1880s, accelerated to such an extent that by 1963 Denmark for the first time exported as much from its industries as it did from its farms.

It has taken Denmark's world image a long time to catch up with its industrial reality and even today, when the overwhelming majority of Denmark's exports are industrial, many visitors still think of it as a farming country with only one city. In one sense their image is right, for emotionally many Danes are still tied to the land. Few families are more than one or two generations away from the countryside. On weekends and holidays they return en masse to relatives and grandparents in the country, so that ferries sailing between the island of Zealand, where Copenhagen is, to Fünen and Jutland, where most of rural Denmark is, are packed and sometimes sold out for weeks in advance.

The illusion of escape back into nature, into the bosom of the tribal family, is so strong that even Denmark's most popular writer, the Communist Hans Scherfig, engages in such dreams in his otherwise acerbic treatments of bourgeois society. Scherfig's readers can empathize with his lamentation for a lost paradise in the country; and when he is not writing, he paints lurid and naive pictures, always showing the same primeval jungle forests. His primitive landscape is a long way from Denmark; nevertheless, it is at the center of the Dane's need to return to the roots of his experience, to be simple and free.

Before 1960, Denmark was still not only a rural but also a tribal society based on the family. Because of this family ethic, as opposed to an individualist one, the welfare state was started around 1900, enlarged during the 1920s, tested during the 1930s, and strengthened during the 1950s. In a family-oriented and homogeneous society, the individual's security is assumed by the presence of the group. When the family cannot provide such security, then society in general is held responsible. Even today, Danish families pretty much take care of their own; it is only 10 or 15 per cent of people who ever drop into the rescue net of the welfare state. Such a general statement about the essential role of the family ignores class distinctions in Denmark, but the primary importance of the family has until recently cut across class lines. Working-class families would "go on welfare" only when all other possibilities were exhausted, and not just because they felt such a resort to be beneath their dignity. They also felt instinctively that the family was there to help.

Since 1960, however, the tribal rural society has given way to a competitive industrial society in which the individual consumer stands more or less alone. Advertising both spoils him and encourages him to assert himself, to find new ways of enjoying himself. The family has receded into the background, the old members being left behind in the country or the rest home, and the individual confronts society's institutions alone. If he is aggressive and ambitious, he can obtain a very high standard of living for himself and his wife and children. If he collapses under the pressure, then the state will take care of him and his family. But until that point he must fend for himself, for he has sacrificed the group identity of the extended and omnipotent family for the pleasures and perils of the consumer society.

This emphasis on the individual as lonely consumer and competitor resembles the traditional American experience. But Danes continued to distinguish their society from America in the 1960s by adding to their welfare state. While the Great Society debated the benefits and dangers of Medicare for the aged, the Social Democratic Danish governments made sure that whole sectors of life came under state supervision. Thus, while Danes obtained unprecedented possibilities for personal consumption, their children were offered unheard of chances for state-paid education. Until this time, only 5 per cent of people taking university education had come from working-class homes. This injustice was to be remedied by providing special courses for workers who wanted to get into university, by opening new campuses, by making courses more flexible. A program of scholarships and

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interest-free loans was greatly expanded, while teachers' salaries were put at a level comparable to those of doctors and lawyers.

In the last half of the 1960s came a huge building program, of not just schools but also clinics, hospitals and public offices. As more and more women went to work, pressures increased for day-care centers. A 5-year-old might start the morning at 6:30 at a "free time center," then at 8 be taken to a kindergarten, where he would be until early afternoon, and then back to the center until 5 or 6. A whole group of "pedagogues" was educated to take care of preschool children, and they began to claim that it was anti-social for a mother to keep her children at home until they started school at the age of 7. This new mentality showed its triumph in the mind of one child who, when asked "What is home?," answered "That's on Saturday."

As more people earned more money, worked longer hours, and got better educated so that they could be qualified for better jobs, the public sector became the primary vehicle for social advancement. But it also became the ambulance. With so many social upheavals and demands for adaptability to new ways of life, many Danes found they could not make it. Some became "invalid pensioners"; others went into job-retraining programs financed by the state.

Long before the end of the 1960s, it was obvious that the bill for all these state functions was going to be very high. Years earlier, an eminent Danish politician had warned that if the state came to take more than a third of national income, it would provoke such a strong reaction that the basis of parliamentary democracy would be threatened. By 1968 people were so worried about this development that they voted the Social Democrats out of office and substituted a coalition of the "bourgeois" parties, the Liberals, the Radical Liberals and the Conservatives. The three parties promised to clean up the economy, but by the time they were voted out of office in the fall of 1971, the state sector had expanded to the point that more than half of the national income was going to the state. Meanwhile, income per capita had become the fifth highest in the world—a feather in the cap of a nation with no raw materials and a tiny population. But Danes did not have time to rejoice in their success, for they had to work harder than ever to keep their economy growing faster than inflation and taxes.

Six months before the oil crisis officially began in November 1973, many Danes were beginning to feel they had lost the race. Despite the fact that the minority Social Democratic government, which had come in after November 1971, had kept a number of its promises and bettered the position of the worker, people were fed up and angry. What low-income groups got from the state on the one hand, in the form of support for their children or payments for expensive rents in social apartments, was taken away on the other hand in taxes. The system had become self-defeating: if people's incomes went up, they lost a number of their social support payments, and had to pay still higher taxes. A worker who had been living in a subsidized flat and earning 40,000 kroner a year (about $6,000) would by 1973 have had to make 48,000 kroner just to stay even with inflation, taxes and lowered social subsidies. It seemed that only the people who were smart and cynical, like Glistrup, could live well under such a system.

And so the basic contradiction in Danish society that the rich 1960s had managed to hide finally showed itself: it was impossible to keep expanding state services and functions without curbing the freedom and cutting back the spending of the individual consumer. For a decade, and for the first time in their impoverished history, Danes had had both butter and bandages; now they had to choose. The Social Democratic government tried to salvage its reputation by cutting back mercilessly to the tune of $500 million in the state budget in the spring of 1973, but that was not enough to make even a dent in the rate of taxation. House owners were enraged when a new property evaluation revealed that, in four years, inflation had more than doubled the paper values of their properties. This meant higher property taxes, and a new housing law which the government barely managed to squeak through the Parliament in June by a tiny majority. But in November the Social Democrats went out of power. Ironically because one of their renegade members "forgot" to check to see that there was an important vote that day.

The events of the last years have thus given many Danes a feeling that politics are absurd and that they are powerless to do anything about it. Life has lost much of its certitude and meaning. Ingmar Bergman, who is more sensitive to social currents than he would admit, caught this attitude in a six-part TV series, *Scenes from a Marriage*, shown last spring simultaneously in Denmark and Sweden. Two articulate, comfortable people abolish the lives they have shared together. They had lived in a secure world, but finally came to realize that this very security was actually an evasion and a lie. Scandinavians who identify with such dissatisfaction are frequently victims of the same malaise that affluent Americans once spoke of: material riches not giving hoped-for inner peace.

But in all classes, there is also a feeling of being cheated by the other guy, who knows how to manipulate his tax return and live well, with the average person making up for his cleverness by paying higher taxes. Glistrup's cynicism catalyzed this growing bitterness and brought it to the political surface. Social solidarity between rich and poor, which at least had been given lip service in all the established parties, was shaken by a grass-roots egotism. It became almost an object of pride to tell one's friends how one had outwitted the tax authorities. A spirit of rugged individualism bordering on social Darwinism entered daily life. The old respect for the welfare system was in many cases replaced by a "We want it now" attitude, and the newspapers played up to the general disillusionment by running stories about couples who got pro forma divorces so that the woman would be eligible for child support. Gratefulness for the Danish way of life gave way to feelings of deprivation, jealousy of other social groups and blunt anger.

Perhaps the best antidote for the resulting enormous popularity of demagogues like Glistrup would be to pack the entire population of Denmark into charter planes

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and send them on an extended tour of the United States. Let them visit county welfare hospitals, feel on their bodies the fear of physical attack in the streets during daylight hours, see what happens to families that never go to the doctor because they feel they cannot afford it. If the Danes could make such comparisons, Glistrup would lose his votes tomorrow. But for the moment, people who all their lives have paid contributions to their retirement pensions and benefited from the state medical care want the whole system abolished so that the individual can pay his own way.

Another reason the consumer society and the welfare society are at odds with each other in Denmark is that many independent businessmen, owners of small shops, lower-rank civil servants and unskilled workers are furious with the academic upper class that has formed as a result of the expansion of the public sector. This phenomenon is still relatively unknown in America, where the word "academic" is still more a descriptive adjective than a noun denoting a class of people. But in Denmark it means those who go through post-high school educations that last six to eight years at a minimum, with many of the expenses paid by the state, who get good salaries when they finish and who can look forward to a life income that, even despite taxes, is many times greater than that of a skilled worker.

These people are one of Mogens Glistrup's main targets, and he has gotten much sympathy from unskilled workers. Today only 10 to 15 per cent of their children go on to university, despite the efforts of the 1960s, and they feel they are subsidizing the educations of middle- and upper-class children. Glistrup's attacks have been made more respectable by the book of a professor from Arhus University, Jorgen Dich, called *The Ruling Class*. Dich points out that it has become a social stigma in Denmark for people to work with their hands, so the parents of middle-class children do everything possible to get their children through a university. Many of these children grow up to become followers of Marx and Marcuse, but they resemble their parents in their belief in the sustaining effects of university education. Few people ask what all the future historians, TV and film men, doctors and philologists will do for a living. In this respect Denmark is about five years behind America and three years behind Sweden, where the oversupply of academics has long been a problem.

The Marxists still insist that politicians and already established academics are slaughtering the educational system in the name of efficiency, thus depriving working-class children of getting the chance they once had. There is some justice in this charge, but the problem goes much deeper. Academics are being overproduced because, by comparison with many other occupations, their jobs are well paid, undemanding and very secure. Many young people who otherwise would never think of devoting their lives to teaching and research are trying to force their way in. Jorgen Dich has suggested that the salaries of academics be put down to a level where only the people who love learning above comfort will pursue such careers, but with a very strong national union of academics, there is no chance that this proposal will be implemented—at least until the mechanisms of the Adam Smith market economy, still very active in this mixed economy, enforce their principle of supply and demand.

But right now a gap is growing between worker and academic, despite all the latter's slogans about solidarity. It has become even wider as a result of the 1960s and increases both the worker's and the academic's feeling of isolation, powerlessness and hopelessness in the midst of bureaucracy and social injustice. Intentions on both sides are good, but a vast reservoir of idealism is slowly drying up as class lines solidify, inflation and the balance of payments get worse, and the government is unable to do anything.

So Denmark's expansion of the 1960s, on both personal and state levels, after so many dull and limited years, has ended on the brink of disillusionment and social chaos. For the first time since the crises of the early 1920s, Denmark might see its democratic system challenged by a right-wing coalition, dedicated to "cleaning up" the economy and perhaps using left-wing machinations as an excuse. Polarization is the word of the day, as in America in the late 1960s. The split means that Denmark may develop along the line of British and French society, where the distance between middle and working classes and the bitterness between them have increased. A less upwardly mobile society and a decline in the standard of living could have consequences that even the most astute social researchers cannot anticipate. Already some facets of the welfare state, such as free admittance to universities regardless of high school—are being discarded.

At the same time, the slowdown of the 1970s will probably bring a more fruitful debate about the quality of life —near democracy, as it is called here—and growing concern with community politics. Now that the big visions have been crushed, many Danes realize that they still live in a basically good society, that smallness and centralization give the individual and the group great possibilities to assert themselves in the media, and that some social experiments will be able to continue on a limited level. A good example is the "Free High School," north of Copenhagen. Started at the beginning of the 1970s, as an open school that would comply with the state requirements for university entrance, this school at the same time gives its students full decision-making rights over hiring of teachers, content of curriculum, and administration. It is a private school and the state has so far paid only 85 per cent of its expenses; shortage of money has frequently threatened the school with closing. Today the Free High School is in greater financial difficulties than ever, but its fame as a successful educational experiment has started a rescue operation which may work.

Not all reforms and hopes will go down the drain in the rough years that are to come. Some day Glistrup's pudgy face may disappear from the television screen, and Denmark may launch out onto yet another decade of social reform. But for the moment it is a very still and very scared country. Socialism, capitalism and democracy are still functioning in their Scandinavian blends. But the future of such a mixed society can no longer be taken for granted. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Eliot in Whose Time?

ELIOT IN HIS TIME: Essays on the Occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of *The Waste Land. Edited by A. Walton Litz. Princeton University Press. 196 pp. $8.50.*

ROBERTS W. FRENCH

This book, a collection of eight essays by various hands, marks the fiftieth anniversary of *The Waste Land*, which first appeared in October 1922, published almost simultaneously in *The Criterion* in England and *The Dial* in this country. The occasion, we are reminded, provides an obvious time for critical revaluation and "placing"; and so it does. For a poet of Eliot's stature, however, any time will do, for one sign of a major poet is that he is continually being revalued and placed. We are never quite sure of our relationship to him, or of his to us, and it is important that we know, for it is ourselves that we are defining.

There have been any number of previous attempts at placing Eliot, and clearly none of them has been satisfactory or conclusive. Each time the critic sets forth with determination, and the intent is clear: to catch Old Possum and nail him to the wall. So Professor Litz, in the opening essay, assures us that *The Waste Land* belongs to the past and may safely be consigned to literary history, while Professor Kenner, in the second essay, assumes that *The Waste Land* belongs to the present and "is still a determinant of modern consciousness." Possum is tricky. He may escape again.

And he does. The introductory essay had promised us that the major theme of the book was "the need for reassessment and revaluation," but it isn't. If the volume does testify to a major interest, it is in the poetic process that created *The Waste Land*. This, at any rate, is the focal point of four of the essays. As for attempts at revaluation, there are only the briefest comments made in passing—indeed, the evidence provided by the book suggests that this is an inopportune time to make judgments, since we still have so much to learn. The essayists even seem reluctant to confront *The Waste Land* directly; only one attempts to explicate the poem, and the others, with two exceptions, write around the poem (achieving varying degrees of success) rather than about it. The two exceptions are the last two essayists, who hardly mention the poem at all—a curious circumstance in a book of essays "on the Occasion of the Fiftieth," etc. One is reminded of Eliot's explanation that the notes to *The Waste Land* were added for the publisher's benefit, in order to pad out a volume that was "inconveniently short."

The opening essay by A. Walton Litz is instructive. Convinced that *The Waste Land* has passed into literary history, Professor Litz ignores the poem while he provides what amounts to an extended footnote to such commentaries on the poem as Grover Smith's or Herbert Howarth's. He makes some suggestions on the uses of information supplied by Eliot's notes to the poem, he mentions a few items that might have been in the notes but aren't, he quotes from Eliot's London letters in *The Dial* on the proposed demolition of several Wren churches, and he discusses briefly some of the major forces behind the poem: Conrad, Bradley, Pound, Frazer, Joyce, Henry James. Finally he dismisses us with the comment that the surest way into the emotional center of *The Waste Land* is not to read Eliot at all but to read Henry James, especially "The Beast in the Jungle" and *The Sacred Fount*. It's all more or less interesting, I suppose, but peripheral and not of much help in reading the poem, much less in attempting any "reassessment and revaluation." It may be that Litz really isn't much interested in *The Waste Land*, since he tells us that we all know how to read it now and that the real problem left over from 1922 is *Ulysses*.

The next three essays, by Hugh Kenner, Richard Ellmann and Helen Gardner, are the best and they share a common theme. Taking for granted the contemporary relevance and vitality of *The Waste Land*, they feel no need to argue for it. Accordingly, they are free to pass on to their major concern, the creative process that brought the poem into being. Though the essays are very different, there is necessarily a certain amount of repetition as the authors retrace what we know of the chronology of composition, the biographical background and the history of the *Waste Land* manuscripts. All three, as we might expect, examine these manuscripts in some detail and comment on such matters as the deleted passages, Pound's suggestions for revision, and the nature of Eliot's poetic development.

Ellmann's essay, the least ambitious of the three, is something of a model of its kind. He offers no new discoveries, makes no startling assertions, and reaches no provocative conclusions. What he does provide is a sound and reliable introduction to the circumstances of the poem's composition. This essay, which first appeared in *The New York Review of Books*, is the one I would recommend to the general reader. Ellmann stays close to the known facts, brings together all the right information, and he writes with his accustomed judiciousness and lucidity.

Hugh Kenner is more speculative. Looking closely at the creative process as it is revealed by the *Waste Land* manuscripts, he focuses particularly on the genesis of "The Fire Sermon" as Eliot's attempt to depict London through a medley of Augustan modes, and he makes some perceptive remarks about the influence of Dryden (and Mark Van Doren's book on Dryden) and the *Aeneid*. For Eliot, Kenner suggests, the process of creation demanded the silencing of false voices in order to allow the true voices to be heard; Eliot was not much good at parody and imitation, though he attempted such things in the early stages of composition. Parody and imitation, however, would seem to be the easy way out for a poet with technical ability and little self-confidence, as Pound must have known when he pushed Eliot in a different direction. And of course Pound's criticism was exactly right. If a thing has been done before, better, there is no point in doing it again, worse.

Helen Gardner's essay is particularly acute in discussing the relationship of Eliot and Pound. As she closely examines the *Waste Land* manuscripts and recreates the process of composition, she finds evidence to suggest that Pound's involvement in the poem may have been more intensive and more sustained than we now suppose. He may in fact have been commenting on the developing poem throughout 1920 and 1921, so that when Eliot began his vacation at Margate, at last able to devote full attention to his writing, Pound had already had a hand in shaping the long poem that Eliot was working on. It may be so, though

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proof is lacking; in any case, Gardner's arguments are very persuasive.

Gardner is particularly helpful in defining the nature of Pound's contribution. Pound, she says, "showed an extreme selflessness and sensitivity in the kind of criticism he gave. He concentrated on making the poem as good as Eliot could make it." About the subject matter of the poem Pound had nothing to say—that was Eliot's business. His job was to guide Eliot into effective language, and he did it supremely well. And as Gardner rightly suggests, "The most important thing Pound gave Eliot was the support of a constant affection, encouragement, and belief. And he gave it at a time of deep discouragement verging on despair." That the poem was written at all seems miraculous. Without Pound, it is possible that it might never have appeared.

Robert Langbaum's "New Modes of Characterization in *The Waste Land*" is the only explicatory essay in the book, and with all due respect to a writer whose work I have admired in the past, this essay seems to me misguided and retrogressive. Unlike Litz, who wants to put down *The Waste Land* and get on with *Ulysses*, Langbaum insists that we do not yet know how to read Eliot's poem. His essay attempts to provide "the next step in understanding the structure and meaning of *The Waste Land*," as though we had to proceed carefully in definite stages.

Langbaum offers us an approach designed to establish the essential unity of the poem. Once we see the ways in which *The Waste Land* is concerned with problems of identity, he argues, then the details will fall into line and the pattern will be clear. The essay is another in a long line of attempts to find a key that will open Eliot's puzzle-poem, and it shares with many of the others a certain air of desperation, as when Langbaum offers a deleted passage as evidence of what the poem is about. (You don't show what is in a poem by showing what was left out of it.) Seeking help, Langbaum goes to Eliot's notes, which he takes very seriously: we rummage through the whole pile—Bradley, Frazer, Jessie Weston, the Quest, vegetation ceremonies, fertility rites, melting personae, and all the rest of it. We seem to be back where we started fifty years ago. The result is a ponderous essay, so intricate and involved in its necessary ingenuity as it tries to follow the poem in every detail that the strain is always evident, and we come upon sentences like these: "The movement from the fire of Part III to the relief, in Part IV, through water prepares the sensuous texture out of which, in Part V, the figures of Jesus and other redeemers take shape. They take shape because the senses require them to take shape, the senses as objective correlatives to the protagonist's emotions. . . ." If this is what we must go through in order to read the poem, we might just as well turn it over to literary history and be done with it.

Robert M. Adams' essay, "Precipitating Eliot," is the one that follows most closely the title of the book. He really is concerned with Eliot in his time—which also turns out to be Adams' time and ours. "Eliot," he writes, "imposed himself on the literary conscience of my generation in a way, and to a degree, that is only now, with the passage of time, becoming clear." Standing back a bit, he attempts to see Eliot plain. "The precipitation of Eliot," he says, "has already begun; the water is clearing." Perhaps it is—and yet there is still so

YOUR HOUSE SWAYS BY THE SEA

these are the lakes of your mind
covered with ice
the grave abandoned the leaf gone dry
it was a lonely road you travelled
you were thankful
you told me about it
your house sways by the sea it is an empty skull
in which a bullet, like semen, has perforated
your death wish
open the door let me walk in
winter is trapped in your hands
it calls out piteously like a frog in a sewer
it is content with its loaf of blood
the sunset is effeminate
it sews black threads
and these are the fronds of your hands in icy soil
they will nurture the petals of the potato flower
and perhaps an old vine drinking the elm
your people move around me
I don't know their names
their faces are dry their lips encrusted with mud
a stone headed woman guards you
you will not escape her marble wings
and tortured smile
meeting you was an act of clairvoyance in a square
covered with blackberry vines
your heart had holes in it I found out the awful truth
you were at the merry-go-round in an old and tattered coat
reciting Rilke you managed the squeaking brake
later I met you where the bar whelped children
already your face shone with a moonlike pallor
you told me you were the winter's enemy
you stood up to eat a mouthful of suns
to escape madness swallow sulphuric acid
do not expect the children to mourn you
or the logger busy with the cornered tree
do not expect the white crockery of the moon
to grow dim
it has not the human gift it does
not know catastrophe
you applied the gun to your forehead that
was your message to the world
to escape insanity meditate on the number three
with rounded edges
and in the summer
when the trees begin to sing
I will visit
your grave

Hobart Myers

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much we don't know about Eliot. It may be that the water will turn muddy again as new information becomes available, so that once more we will have to revise our estimates as we are doing now after the publication of the *Waste Land* manuscripts. Important unpublished material, for example, includes the John Hayward collection and correspondence between Eliot and Bertrand Russell.

Nevertheless, Adams attempts to look back from the far end of time at "the overall shape that literary history may be prepared to see in the Eliot career." He clearly sides with those who feel a diminished intensity as Eliot slides into the meditative mode of the *Quartets*: "Eliot," he writes, "was not a modernist poet except briefly and in a limited sense when the path of his development intersected, in the platinum presence of Pound, with that of the general consciousness." Well, maybe. But I think that the argument requires more precise definition. What the development of the "general consciousness" was I don't know, nor do I know how to recognize it; the vagueness of the term weakens the argument and leaves unanswered the question of whether Eliot was following the trends of his time or creating them.

The last two essays may be summarized briefly, since they have little to say about *The Waste Land*. Michael Goldman's "Fear in the Way" discusses the structure of Eliot's plays in terms of what he calls "the double manifestations of ghosts." The essay is lucid and helpful, though it claims more for the later plays than many readers will be willing to grant. The most provocative passage occurs in a footnote in which Goldman suggests relationships between Eliot's work and R. D. Laing's account of schizophrenia in *The Divided Self*. The topic deserves further exploration. The final essay, Donald Davie's "Anglican Eliot," is a curious bit of resentment directed at "that American" who became famous in England, even having the effrontery to end up with an O.M. and a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Davie complains that Eliot's knowledge of England was imperfect, since there is no evidence that he ever traveled to the industrialized North and Midlands: his England was really London. As indeed it was—as was, say, Dickens' or Samuel Johnson's. It is not clear that Eliot would have been a better poet had he vacationed in Liverpool. Davie also charges that Eliot would not have joined the Church of England if it had not been the *established* church. Probably not, but that is not an issue that need detain us.

Taken together, these essays demonstrate that we have not done with Eliot. If we try to ship him off to literary history, he comes back, like a bothersome relative, and we don't know what to do with him. But in fifteen years we will be observing the centennial of Eliot's birth, and we have time to gather our forces for an attempt at revaluation. I suspect that Eliot will still be with us, after we have done so, and that the questions will be much the same. □

What Underlay the Prague Spring

THE HUMAN FACE OF SOCIALISM: The Political Economy of Change in Czechoslovakia. *By George Shaw Wheeler. Lawrence Hill & Co. 170 pp. $7.50.*

MAX GORDON

In Bucharest one recent summer, a British consulting engineer described to me his eighteen months' experience in the construction of a chemical plant in the USSR. Soviet engineers at the top, he found, were first-rate, but below that they were very bad; wholly without initiative or creativity, they required detailed instructions at every step.

In discussion with a Soviet political scientist that summer, I wondered whether any thought was being given to replacing the dictatorship of the proletariat, supposed to have been a transient form of rule, with government institutions directly accountable to the people. The response was a reference to the durability of institutions long after the material conditions giving them birth had disappeared.

The interconnection between the phenomena defined by these two personal discussions—lack of initiative and of technological creativity (with consequent overall economic inefficiency), and persistence of dictatorial rule after even theoretical justification for it had ceased—is at the heart of George Wheeler's concise account of the circumstances which led to the January 1968 explosion in Czechoslovakia. As he observes repeatedly, the phenomena and the underlying mechanisms which explain them are common to the Communist-led nations of Eastern Europe (possibly excepting Yugoslavia). With our accustomed tendency to treat politics and economics in mutual isolation, we have generally perceived the "Prague spring" solely as a politically motivated popular upsurge. Wheeler's examination of the dynamics of the Czechoslovak economy leading to it reminds us that politics and economics are artificially differentiated aspects of the same social reality.

A trained U.S. economist who worked in New Deal Washington and then in the denazification program in Germany, Wheeler settled in Czechoslovakia for ideological reasons following the initiation of the cold war and the accompanying repression of the Left in the United States. He worked there as an economist, planner, writer and teacher, and was one of three economists to be elected a corresponding member of the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences. His professional experience in both East and West, and his inside view of the Czechoslovak economy as it developed from 1948 to 1968, puts him in a unique position to evaluate the trends and problems of that economy for those years. For reasons obvious from the book, he left Czechoslovakia in 1971 and is now teaching at Washington State University.

In brief, Wheeler believes that centralized planning and control of the economy is necessary in the early stages of the transition from capitalism to socialism. In Czechoslovakia it rapidly restored an economy battered by war and Nazi occupation, expanded production, eliminated unemployment, greatly augmented living standards and enlarged a variety of social benefits. But after the new system was firmly, and irreversibly, established and all idle resources had been harnessed, economic efficiency and the prevention of bureaucratic entrenchment required some competition and qualified market mechanisms. At this point, socialism can achieve its economic potential only in an atmosphere of democracy, of freedom of initiative, criticism and expression. He delineates, and illustrates by examples, the various ways in which the oppressive Novotny bureaucracy in Czechoslovakia hampered economic development. The origins of the popular reform movement culminating in the "Prague spring," he avers, can be traced to an economic recession beginning in 1960, which had its source in the Soviet-inspired model of economic overcentralization, substitution of the Communist Party bureaucracy for the elected organs of government and continued use of dictatorial methods.

The profound unrest and frustrations affecting all sections of the working class and intelligentsia had their origins not

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only in resentment against these methods but in widespread disgust with the economic inefficiency traceable to them. The sense of grievance was aggravated by the stubborn refusal of the Novotny regime to implement repeated decisions for reviewing the 1950-51 purge trials and rehabilitating their victims. As Wheeler notes, 178 were executed, including some of the nation's most capable and dedicated scientists; some 70,000 were tried for political crimes; thousands of workers were tossed out of their jobs; thousands of artisans and peasants were arbitrarily deprived of their property and livelihood. Aside from injustice, the direct economic consequences were pervasive; the events had an intimidating effect on initiative and innovation which endured for years. But after 1960, resentment continued to build until Novotny was forced out.

The Dubcek government began, but had no opportunity to bring to fruition, large-scale reforms designed to restore to government institutions the power and authority granted them by the constitution, and to restore the Communist Party to its originally intended role as leader and policy guide. Having usurped the power and authority of the government, the party had attempted to control directly every aspect of Czechoslovak life, and the state institutions had atrophied. Wheeler contends, and he is not alone in this, that this effort to re-establish the party's role as policy leader, rather than as dictator, was the reform most feared by the Russians.

The Russians and their supporters seek to justify the intervention on the ground that the Dubcek reforms threatened to restore capitalism. In fact, Wheeler makes clear, the reforms sought to move socialism from the stage of proletarian dictatorship to a more humane democratic stage—on the very ground that socialism was now irreversible and the dictatorship had outlived its purpose. This was explicitly proclaimed by the party's 1966 convention, and Novotny's refusal to honor this determination intensified the movement for his ouster. The claim that capitalist restoration threatened can be made only if socialism is defined as necessarily including proletarian dictatorship in the specific form shaped by Stalin—rigid control by the Communist Party bureaucracy —a definition to which Soviet leaders continue to adhere.

Wheeler's contribution, a highly important one, is the demonstration that democratic, humane socialism is essential not only for the cultivation of the values inherent in democracy but for the effective operation of the Socialist economic system. There is an additional significant aspect to this. The concept of "socialism in one country" advanced by Stalin in defeating Trotsky, embodied the thesis that the Soviet Union would persuade people everywhere of the superiority of socialism by the force of its example. This was a fundamental tenet of the world Communist movement of the 1930s. The repressive practices of the USSR have had precisely the opposite effect, particularly in developed countries with democratic histories. Wheeler shows that these practices are also responsible for Soviet failure to impress the world with the material benefits of socialism.

The Dubcek government's "socialism with a human face" might have helped to counteract this failure. In Wheeler's words, its destruction "was a blow not only to Czechoslovakia but to the hopes of people around the world that socialism could lead to a higher form of social relations. . . ."

Wheeler describes in detail various ways in which the oppressive bureaucratic party apparatus, substituting for elected institutions, impeded economic development. The system of overcentralization, of trying to centralize planning of every aspect of the economy in a single top bureaucracy, left no room for innovation and creativity, and indeed rejected them because they interfered with orderly execution of plans based on existing techniques. Given rapid technological changes and the time lag between the adoption and execution of a national plan, inflexibility in the plan can be deadly. The Czech bureaucracy had a characteristic rigidity which could not tolerate disturbances in economic plans. Most of the striking postwar economic gains made by capitalist nations have resulted from new technology, not from extension of existing technologies; Wheeler contends that socialism cannot compete with capitalism unless it develops superior means of encouraging innovation. In Czechoslovakia, as he demonstrates, discouragement of innovation and the use of investment to extend existing technologies, instead of utilizing new ones, has resulted in the inability of the economy to keep pace with that of the developed capitalist countries.

Overcentralization resulted, as well, in an inability to resolve problems as they arose in individual enterprises; they had to be referred to the center, often causing delay and involving great amounts of paperwork. Centralized plans could not deal with the thousands of small items used by a modern society; since these could not be produced outside of the plan, they were simply not produced. And since success and monetary reward were determined solely by the quantitative fulfillment of plans, no one was concerned with quality or with economy in using resources. Faulty products were often permitted to pass in order to meet official goals, and the waste was considerable. A mania for secrecy enabled inefficient enterprises to go on operating indefinitely and permitted faked bookkeeping, with false claims of success that went undetected for years.

Most deadly was the separation of authority from responsibility. The party bureaucracy had the authority but the managers of individual enterprises had the responsibility. Thus, personnel directors were generally party officials without expertise to determine the capability of applicants for scientific or technical jobs. Hence they used extraneous criteria, such as the social backgrounds of such persons. The managers were stuck with the resulting selections and held responsible for performance. More generally, the bureaucracy's concern was to shield itself from the consequences of error by placing all responsibility on the managers, and to preserve from change the obsolete, overcentralized system which permitted it to wield such great power irresponsibly.

Among other things, the Dubcek reform program included decentralization, the right of managers to select personnel and to make their own operating decisions (with worker participation, where appropriate) and the correspondence of power and responsibility. Decentralization per se was not confined to Czechoslovakia; it became general in Eastern Europe in the late 1960s. But the Dubcek model was more thorough and consistent. And even more important, it insisted upon political democracy as a necessary accompaniment.

Wheeler's work raises, and sheds some light on, several fundamental problems debated in the world Communist movement, including the efficacy of moral versus material incentives, commodity production in publicly owned economies, and issues related to pricing and marketing systems. He assails the Brezhnev doctrine, advanced to justify the Russian intervention in Czechoslovakia, as an application of the old imperialist doctrine that a capitalist power can intervene anywhere to protect its interests; it parallels Washington's justification for intervention in Vietnam. The doctrine ignores international law and treaties, including the U.N. Charter, and it threatens any country turning to socialism with loss of its sovereignty to the USSR.

Since Wheeler's focus is the economy and internal development of Czechoslovakia, his discussion of the reasons for the military intervention on the part of the Warsaw Pact powers is fragmentary. It omits such complex and subtle factors as the shakiness of the Ulbricht and Gomulka regimes in East Germany and Poland, both of which pressed for interven-

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tion because of fear of the political effects of the Czechoslovak reforms on their own positions, and the influence of sharp policy conflicts within the Soviet party leadership.

Wheeler assumes throughout that in the early stages of a Socialist revolution, proletarian dictatorship, centralized planning and direct party administration over the country are necessary and valid; or, at least, that they were in the USSR and in Czechoslovakia. If, however, these features remain beyond the point of necessity, degeneration sets in. The process he describes, and the prescriptions he offers, are confined to the existing Communist-led countries of Eastern Europe, but that point is not explicitly stated. He expresses no doubt about the general superiority of Socialist over capitalist society, but there is no suggestion that it could be introduced into existing capitalist nations in any other manner. His book argues strongly, however, that the East European model can hold no attractions for the people of such countries.

The book also illustrates strikingly the thesis advanced by Roger Garaudy, leading French Marxist theoretician, that the Prague spring and the 1968 Paris uprisings were manifestations of the failure of both Socialist and capitalist societies to confront the "mutation" represented by the modern scientific, cybernetic revolution. Mechanistic production—in which initiative and decision are concentrated in single management centers, and labor is blindly mechanical, objectified and alienated—is being replaced by a productive system requiring a complex apparatus of multiple centers of initiative and decision and giving scope to the subjective capacity, the creativity, of labor. The dogmatism of Soviet leadership, Garaudy contends, has prevented recognition of, and adaptation to, this revolutionary change in production, fettering Socialist development in the USSR—and, because of Soviet refusal to recognize the right of each country to search out its own models for development, in Czechoslovakia as well. □

Plain-Speaking Allegory

KESEY'S GARAGE SALE. *By Ken Kesey. The Viking Press. 238 pp. $8.95. Paper $3.95.*

JERRY GRISWOLD

The "energy crisis," for the majority of Americans, is front-page news and means something quite literal: less fuel means less heat, light and mobility. For a minority of Americans, those who are usually described as the counter-culture, the "energy crisis" means something more allegorical: this millennium is running out of fuel.

Because this allegorical perspective is held by a minority, its news appears on the back pages (the arrival of the comet Kohoutek) or is never reported at all (the opinion of many who have received ominous hexagrams from the *I Ching*). Information for the back-pagers is hard to find in news weeklies, appearing more often in little-known or erratic and ephemeral publications like *The Realist* or *Rallying Point*.

The differences between the front-pagers and the back-pagers create serious misunderstandings, and one of these is that the brilliant and hierophantic *Kesey's Garage Sale* has been short-changed by the reviewers. Kesey's new book wasn't written only for the back-pagers but it lacks the dramatic popularity of Carlos Castaneda's works that deliberately intend to make a minority report accessible to the front-page majority.

But the fact that the majority and minority viewpoints are coming closer together is reflected in New York publishers' decisions to republish (e.g., Alicia Bay Laurel's *Living on the Earth*) or distribute (e.g., *The Last Whole Earth Catalog*) works usually accessible only to the few. Viking has done this with *Kesey's Garage Sale*. The time is ripe.

The back-page consciousness is becoming more prevalent, and Kesey wouldn't have it any other way. Tom Wolfe's metaphysical chronicle, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, paints Kesey as a kind of Freudian Moses working in the wilderness of popular culture to create a *Massenpsychologie*, the saving cultural consciousness that moves from the few to the masses.

In his fiction Kesey is a teacher in one or another persona—Randle McMurphy in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. In this book he speaks like another creator of a *Massenpsychologie*—Socrates, a moral, peripatetic teacher. But his addresses to the PTA may be as difficult to understand as the news from the front that, in these days of media immediacy, plops the current war into our laps undigested. At least Socrates had an

Jerry Griswold is the former editor of the Connecticut journal, minding the store, *a regional* Whole Earth Catalog. *He teaches children's literature at the University of Connecticut.*

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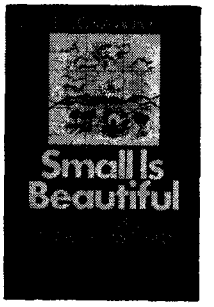

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SONG OF A HAWK'S GLANCE

Bits of the moon
glint from the hawk's
broad skull wavering
a snake's length
from my face. The sky
falls back so deep
it disappears as
water disappears
around a diver's skin.

This is the cliff's edge
where wind delivered me
this hawk, adrift
with hunger, buoyant
in a freefall
through the currencies
I breathe
as they breathe me:
Outcries and inspirations
with the world—
hawk and sea, grass
and cloudflow, all
the margins of expanse.

William Pitt Root

obliging Plato to filter himself through.

But Kesey lives at the front of cultural change and is more of a lightning rod than a seismograph. His motto has been "Further," and he knew the fastest man alive, perhaps the counter-culture's only saint—Neal Cassady who died like the rock-drilling John Henry racing the celestial train of time. And so *Kesey's Garage Sale* is a retrospective of Kesey's work on the frontiers that becomes easier to understand as we approach the land he has trailblazed.

Four of the book's five sections have been seen elsewhere, in the eddy pools of back pages. One appeared in *The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog* —a sort of karmic toolchest that complemented the *Catalog*'s do-it-yourself physical side. Another is a resumé of the oral tradition of how Kesey came to write *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, straight from the horse's acid-gobbling mouth. And another reverses the Pauline privilege and reprints epistles not *to* but *from* brethren—Ginsberg, Cassady, Romney.

More than any other, Paul Krassner's interview with Kesey that appeared in *The Realist* deserved republication. Not only because just the few who patiently wait until Krassner is moved to publish his magazine were the only ones to see it but because, more than any other account, it sums up to the two faces of the back-pagers. Krassner, a Yippie with an eye on the political Dis, is seriously comic, and Kesey, concerned with building the kingdom within in the kingdom without, is comically serious. It is as exciting as a transcendental conversation between Bob and Ray.

"Over the Border," a new piece and the longest of the book, is a retrospective in another sense. It is both a film script and Socratic dialogue of Kesey's version of the Mexican escapades that appeared in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. Kesey's method is to add R. Crumb's perspective to Wolfe's account—as if Hunter Thompson had conspired with Malory to write *Le Morte d'Arthur*. Now that the Prankster round-table has been dissolved and the specter of the Fascist leader has appeared with Charlie Manson, this retrospective is particularly welcome. Like Hawthorne's "Maypole at Merrymount" it is a romance—a mixture of popular cultural history and allegorical injunctions.

Ken Kesey would of course be embarrassed by the parallels mentioned in this review: Moses, Socrates. For him classical comparisons of the earnestness-that-has-gone-by-other-names assures that back-page news will remain in the back pages. He has the American appetite for vulgarization that speaks of Johnny Appleseed instead of John the Baptist, or of the Apocalypse in Stan Lee's comic-book version.

At least since the time of the Man of Galilee, however, this combination of plain speaking and wily profundity has been confusing for some. To ease us through that confusion, Arthur Miller wrote an introduction to the book like an apologia for the beloved black sheep of the family. He makes the point that social reformism of the 1930s and Aquarian evolution-revolution are two sides of the same coin, a choice between joining the social revolution of the women of Thebes against Euripedes' Pentheus and joining with Dionysus and his band from the East. And Miller's expectations of success are at once ambivalent and cogent: "It will not come and it is coming."

Miller's introduction means to head off the confusion that results from combining the back-pager's allegorical perspective with the front-pager's plain speaking. Kesey himself means to do that, moving as he does from the metaphorical density of the dialogues in "Over the Border" to a form much more compatible with his intentions. The book concludes with vulgarized truth in the form of a fable.

Kesey's Garage Sale is well worth the purchase. It's a very big book and it's full of Paul Foster's hysterical illuminated drawings. It is a little bit of fuel to help us in the "energy crisis" whether you think of that literally or allegorically. "Read it and burn it," Kesey would probably say. □

Presumed Innocent & Found Guilty

SCAPEGOAT JUSTICE: Lloyd Miller and the Failure of the American Legal System. *By Willard J. Lassers. Indiana University Press. 234 pp. $7.50.*

BURDEN OF PROOF: The Case of Juan Corona. *By Ed Cray. With an afterword by Richard Hawk. Macmillan Publishing Co. 386 pp. $8.95.*

ELMER GERTZ

This is a time when popular education must include the day-by-day workings of the criminal justice system. Elections have been won and lost because of the candidates' attitudes on law and order, real and *ersatz*. These books are essential, because they deal with the actual processes, rather than the ideal. They tell what happens when fallible human beings are involved in cases. It is not necessarily a struggle between heroes and villains, rights and wrongs. The difference between theory and practice is the gulf between life and death, freedom and imprisonment, vindication and disgrace.

Willard Lassers' book, *Scapegoat Justice*, tells how Lloyd Eldon Miller, a rather mixed-up cab driver in a small-town community in central Illinois, came within hours of being executed for the horrifying rape and murder of a child of 8. While earlier he had been represented by inexperienced and uninfluential local counsel, who could not cope with the complexities of the case, in the climactic moments his lawyers included skilled and inspired practitioners like the author of this book and his associates. Yet, for long periods it looked as if they would be no more successful than the others. To add to the irony of the situation, the judge who turned down the final stay of execution was the Illinois Supreme Court justice generally regarded

Elmer Gertz, who practices law in Chicago, was chairman of the Bill of Rights committee at the recently completed Illinois Constitutional Convention; he is vice chairman of the Illinois Committee Against Capital Punishment. He is the author of A Handful of Clients *and* Moment of Madness: The People v. Jack Ruby *(both Follett Publishing Co.). His book,* To Life, *will be issued by McGraw-Hill this spring.*

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as being the best in the history of that court, a jurist of intelligence, integrity and decency. And the man who granted the stay was a rather conservative and untested judge of the U.S. District Court. This permitted the case, ultimately, to go to the U.S. Supreme Court, where the conviction was set aside in a scathing opinion. Since nothing in such cases is simple, that was not the end of the matter. There was more maneuvering, often heartbreaking, before the charges against Miller were dismissed, and he went his troubled way into oblivion.

Ed Cray's *Burden of Proof* tells part of an unfinished story—the case of Juan Corona, charged with the slaying of twenty-five migrant workers in California, and convicted after a trial that can only be described as bizarre. Everything about the case was unreal—the utterly monstrous character of the mass murders, the near drabness of the accused, the startling contrast between the opposing attorneys, the temperament, not to say temper, of the trial judge. As is often the case in such widely publicized trials, the general belief, particularly in areas distant from the scene of the crimes, was that guilt was certain, while closer at hand there was growing skepticism that there could be a conviction. Indeed, one of the prosecutors had expressed a reasonable doubt as to Corona's guilt. Yet the jury found him guilty of the twenty-five murders, and the case is now on appeal.

These two excellent books illustrate poignantly what one might call the splendid fallacy of the American system of criminal justice in which an accused person is presumed innocent until the prosecution proves him guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. What this means in practice is that once a jury has convicted him, however unjustly, it is highly unlikely that the verdict will be set aside, either by the trial judge or by the reviewing court. It will be said that the twelve good and true persons on the jury observed the witnesses, judged their credibility, resolved all contradictions, and arrived at the truth, and, therefore, their decision must be affirmed unless there were truly harmful errors of law perpetrated by counsel or the court. It will be assumed as a matter of course that they followed the instructions of the court as to the law in assessing the facts and reaching a verdict. Since everyone knows that the burden of proof is on the state and never on the defendant, and the judge officially stresses this grand presumption, it must follow that the jury had this basic principle in mind. Yet it can be established statistically that juries are troubled when the defendant, Corona for one, exercising his constitutional right, does not take the stand, and they are excessively likely to convict, even in the face of a feeble state case. This is doubly true when no defense is offered. Juries simply do not believe that there is no obligation on the part of the defendant to prove his innocence. Perhaps it would be better if we adopted some form of the so-called Scottish verdict—"not proven" in addition to "guilty" or "not guilty." This would make it easier for a conscientious jury to fulfill in practice, and not simply in theory, the requirements of our fine law.

It is much too easy to second-guess any ball game or trial. Richard Hawk, Corona's flamboyant counsel, should have been much less belligerent; he should have put Corona on the stand and offered a full panoply of defense witnesses, despite his belief that the state's case was very weak. Now he and his client must go through the agony, not to mention the expense, delays and uncertainties, of the appellate process. Nobody knows how the Corona case may come out in the end. With the man's bad health—he has had heart attacks—death rather than justice may win, and the verdict of time may be as wrong as Hawk regards the jury verdict as having been.

In the Miller case, on the other hand, there was a multiplicity of attorneys from the very beginning; and the better the attorneys the greater the ensuing difficulties. In a very real sense, chance was the final arbiter, not only because of the rare good fortune of lawyers who would not quit and who were as resourceful as they were dedicated but the fact that the case was tried by the right judges at the right times.

The Corona case was not complicated by any confession; the Miller case was. Miller had actually confessed to the dreadful crimes for which he received the death sentence. In the face of a confession it is always difficult, even for a compassionate judge or a sympathetic pardon board, to consider the possibility of innocence. Lassers and his associates had to demonstrate somehow that the confession was false—that Miller had not done what he had confessed to having done. This is one of the fascinating parts of the book. Lassers shows that despite the popular and judicial attitude toward confessions they are much less reliable than other evidence. We could have a better system of criminal justice if confessions by the accused were not admissible. That is the spirit of the too often watered-down Fifth Amendment and of the provision in the U.S. Constitution which considers a confession

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in a treason trial only if it is made in open court, and not otherwise. There are all sorts of reasons why confessions are obtained in situations of innocence, the most obvious coercion, physical or psychological. And once a confession has been induced, the police no longer try to solve a case. The truth of the matter is that police work is excessively sloppy in this country. The police and prosecutors are too dependent upon informants and confessions and too uncritical of both.

These books are important in the continuing battle against capital punishment. The Supreme Court decisions of June 1972 have not ended the dire possibilities. Lassers' book shows how easy it is to impose a death sentence and make it stick. There is a persistence on the part of the criminal justice establishment that defies rational thought. How could Miller be innocent if he confessed? And why should the rapist and murderer of a child escape the electric chair? One can advance many instances in which the death penalty has been exacted, and in which the result was manifestly unjust. The Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy should have meant the end of capital punishment in America, just as the Evans case terminated it in Britain. But it is safe to surmise that had there been a death penalty in the Corona case, despite a prosecutor's reasonable doubt, it might be upheld, were it not for the Furman decision of the U.S. Supreme Court at least temporarily ending such punishment.

Critics often say that a participant in a crime or a legal proceeding cannot write effectively about the case. These two books contradict that position. The virtues of both arise from the authors' first-hand acquaintance with the cases. While Cray was not the attorney for Corona, he was part of Hawk's staff—and one cannot help feeling that the result might have been different had he been more influential in the conduct of the case.

Both books pose the failure of the American legal system. In a relative sense, the American legal system has not failed, because the results are generally right and the wrongs are often righted. It is a failure, however, because in too many places and much too often, just results are not achieved, either immediately or ultimately. We must continue to fight those who are so committed to a punitive system that they are unable to cope with its frequent lapses. Messrs. Lassers and Cray are invaluable assistants to those who would improve the American system of criminal justice. □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

Philip Pearlstein's new paintings (Allan Frumkin Gallery) maintain the monumentality of nudes viewed close up and transferred to tightly fitting canvases. The recent sweetening of his color continues, so that not only are the brocade on the furniture and the Kallim rug on the floor ingratiating, but the pallid glare of multiple flourescent lights on flesh has been mitigated. This produces forms with a more continuous surface as well as a more lyrical effect. Coinciding with this show is an impressive retrospective of Pearlstein's drawings at the Finch College Museum of Art (through March 17).

Pearlstein's view of himself seems to be somewhat combative in relation to society. For instance, he recalls "conflict with the art-world establishment" in his early days, because he "presumed to be competitive with abstraction." He still thinks, thirty-seven one-man shows later, that he is tangling with someone, only this time it is with younger realists. "Realism seems at least to have gained a beachhead, but my formalism again sets me against the more subject-oriented 'Radical Realists' (the motorcycle, truck and horse painters and chrome luncheonette painters)."

I don't think that he has this quite right, because Radical or Photo-Realism introduces basic doubt concerning subject matter. Are the artists imitating photos for veridical purposes (this is how it really is) or are they maliciously overlapping the channels of painting and photography? Are they imitating things or photographs of things: Do they show us objects or signs? Such doubts never occur when one looks at Pearlstein's work; his formalism, both in his brilliant compositions and in his apparent rejection of iconographical themes, never de-realizes his models' factual appearance.

Pearlstein's models often lose their feet, hands or heads as they hit the edge of the canvas, but he warns us: "that the cropping seems to echo photographic cropping is incidental." What then is the cropping for? One result of it is to bring the painted figures close to the surface of the picture and hence give the spectator a sense of proximity. I would have thought that this could be regarded as an expressive device, but Pearlstein declines to think so. "I wish to emphasize that my involvement with the human figure as subject grew out of . . . technical procedures. . . . The meaning of the figure in its particular situation had no interest for me. I refuse to be an amateur psychoanalyst, or novelist. I would prefer to be thought of as a sort of stilled-action choreographer." Actually, he sounds here rather like the Photo-Realists, all of whom claim not to be particularly interested in their subject matter. The fact is that painting has changed faster than the theories of the artists; they have adopted representational modes but have not yet defined for themselves a role for subject matter, which they go on denying as if they were Abstract painters.

Although Pearlstein rejects, and I don't blame him, the role of lay shrink, in 1961 he did describe himself, apropos his landscape paintings, as "a connoisseur of neurotic rocks, an involved sympathetic spectator of the quivering of ancient frustration; the act of drawing their portraits became the dissection of dying nerves." I take it, therefore, that viewing the nudes as the outcome of "technical procedures" may not be the whole story. In 1966 Pearlstein wrote a letter to *The Village Voice* in which he scotched the rumor that he used photographs by declaring: "I do not use photographs to work from. I draw from life and paint from life without the use of any mechanical devices to help me. This procedure costs me a great deal of money in model fees, and costs my models a great deal of physical discomfort." This is a stern version of Matisse's comment to E. Tériade. "I do Odalisques in order to do nudes. But how does one do the nude without it being artificial?" However, he goes on, he knows Odalisques exist: "I was in Morocco. I have seen them."

If Morocco was Matisse's license for exotic nudes, the studio is Pearlstein's license for plain ones. What was needed in both cases was to deal with imagery that did not go against a canon of plausibility. In Matisse's case this was provided by the knowledge that there were female slaves on the other side of the Mediterranean; in Pearlstein's case the environment of the painter's studio acts in this way. He poses the models in a bare studio with fluorescent lights and takes a steeply angled close-up view of them. The fatigue and discomfort of the models is a part of the subject. We are close to the huddled or stretched bodies; we survey their lumps and creases in a way that seems to imply our domination of their meat. (It is a convention that the viewpoint of the artist is that of the spectator: after all, we can only see what the artist shows us.)

We can look up the models' noses

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and not feel a thing, because the paintings have as their theme the studio as a workplace. The prime role of the artist is exemplified by his skills and, no less, by the subjected poses of his bulky models. The occasion of each painting is the act of dominating the model, but the translation of meat into art is not mere picture-making. It is an experience of toil and discomfort which combine to produce nudes whose justification is their place in a work ethic. Thus the process of painting the pictures enters into the artist-model relationship and is a part of the expressivity of the paintings.

We are accustomed to the notion that the creative process contributes to the meaning of Abstract art, but of course it does not end there. The expressivity of Realism can also derive from the work process as well as from the iconography. One of the reasons perhaps that Realists are slow to discuss subject matter is that they fear the viewer's interest in subjects will stop with the people and scenes portrayed. In fact, the subject matter of art occurs not only in the visual configuration at the end but in the way it is reached. □

THE CORN ROW

Stone and seed come
from the ground and return,
gifts of their mortality.
They rise and fall in the sum
of what is. We learn
their plenitude in adversity
of death and labor. The row
of corn grows tall
against want, pleasing the eye.
It will bear and go.
It is a way I go as well,
one of my paths. I go by,
borne upon it in my craft,
balancing what is left.

Wendell Berry

MUSIC

RICHARD DYER

Verdi's *I Vespri Siciliani* ought to be more interesting than it is. After all, it followed upon *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, operas in which Verdi's energetic dramatic gestures were becoming more consistently meaningful; he was turning musical convention to theatrical account; the exuberantly vocal melodies were acquiring sharper profile, taking on character and significance. Further, the text of this opera presents the kinds of situation to which Verdi was usually most responsive—conflicts among family and romantic love and patriotic responsibility.

But the piece doesn't really work. Most commentators place the blame on Verdi's exasperations at composing for a foreign capital (Paris) and at the formal demands of French grand opera—five acts; a large ballet, preferably in the third act; opportunities for spectacle ("Five hours of music. Phew!" Verdi wrote to a friend). Irving Kolodin, in his overwrought notes to the new Victor recording, speaks of the "impositions" on Verdi's "creative impulses and theatrical judgment." Yet fourteen years later, these same impositions, in that same city, were to produce *Don Carlos*.

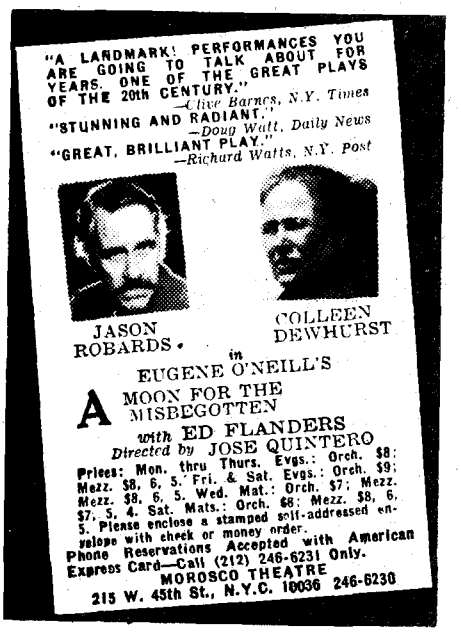
The difference, of course, is that in that case Verdi had a libretto based on Schiller, full of compelling characters caught in complex situations; while for *I Vespri Siciliani* he had a retread text from the Scribe factory. (Donizetti had set it as *Il Duca d'Alba*.) One doesn't look for real plausibility in opera libretti—most of them simply maneuver unbelievable characters into extreme situations in which they can sing out our most basic emotions, and most basic emotional conflicts, with the kind of clarity and intensity that real life denies us. That is what Scribe supplies, but nothing has any resonance here—political and private events happen at the same time, but they do not illuminate each other. There is merely a succession of juxtapositions—a ball and political intrigue, an avowal of love and the *De profundis*, a wedding and a massacre. And Verdi, usually so sure in pacing and emphasis, simply has to supply music for all of these stage effects, and for an almost mathematically worked-out series of confrontations. Some of the music is merely mechanical, but only a little; much of the rest is full of arresting detail, though curiously lacking in real character; none of it develops cumulative swing.

The opera, I suspect, would make its best effect either in a concert performance, where one could listen to the music and forget about the meaning of it all, or in a stylistically faithful, elaborate, overdressed production which would distract the mind from what was going on front and center. The Metropolitan Opera chose to do a highly stylized production that did nothing to bring out qualities in the opera we hadn't realized were there and that in no way diverted attention from the weaknesses we knew about.

The unit set, by Josef Svoboda, displayed Sicilian steps that covered almost the entire stage—they variously represented the cathedral square, a bright valley, a study, a ballroom, a fortress and a garden. But mostly they represented an obstacle to singers and dancers.

Such a setting would demand, I should think, a correspondingly stylized movement—and I don't mean simply flinging the arms aloft at moments of dramatic or vocal crisis, which is all in the way of acting that John Dexter could exact from the cast most of the time. Occasionally a realistic detail intruded, as when Procida knelt and let the "flowering soil" of the black steps run through his fingers. But mostly there was nonsense—the Duchess Elena wants to pass unnoticed at a ball, so she arrives in the only garment not of black on the stage; later she changes into her wedding dress in full view of knights, maidens and peasants. We were left with some fine, effective oratorio-society groupings of the chorus; at least you could tell whose side everyone was on.

Musically, the performance was a lot better, mostly because James Levine in the pit carried everything along with impetus, lift and consideration. Sherrill Milnes—made up rather like Ming the Merciless in the Flash Gordon serials—sang with greater firmness of tone, though no more firmness of line, than has been his custom lately; still, there was nothing elegant or distinguished in his singing, and he now seems certain to be another Cornell MacNeil rather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than another Leonard Warren. Justino Diaz, while never commanding or even imaginative, was always solid.

The serious problems were with the tenor and soprano. Nicolai Gedda is always most conscientious, and he clearly enjoyed imagining himself a disheveled young revolutionary, but he was able only to nip and yap at the heroic vocal lineaments of his role. Montserrat Caballe must be the most limited of our famous singers—most things the roles she sings require, she can't do. She hasn't the vocal size to fill out the more commanding gestures, the imagination and variety for meaningful declamation, the true agility in *forte* for brilliance. But in one kind of singing she excels nearly everyone I have ever heard—sustained *legato* in *pianissimo*. That is precisely where two of the great opportunities in this role lie, and the fourth-act aria and quartet elicited the best singing I've ever heard her do—at one point there was a breathtaking two-and-a-half octave descending scale. To what degree this was communicative is another question—for all the vocal command, she impressed in a very unvocal way; she might as well have been the world's greatest clarinetist.

Overall, though, even this performance was musically superior to the one on the new Victor records (ARL 4-0370) in which Levine is much more pressurized, without having singers who can bear up under it. Placido Domingo's Arrigo is wonderful—ardent yet continent, but Milnes and Ruggero Raimondi (Procida) lack tonal core, and Martina Arroyo can offer only an occasionally pretty sound by way of compensating for her want of clarity of tone, incisiveness of rhythm, variety of inflection, accuracy of coloratura.

I saw the second performance of *Vespri*; earlier in the week there had been a concert performance of Strauss's *Elektra* at Carnegie Hall, with the Cleveland Orchestra led by Lorin Maazel. There was splendid playing, and some solid singing by Ursula Schröder-Feinen in the title role, but what made the occasion memorable was the return to New York of Astrid Varnay, for me the greatest artist on the operatic stage today. Varnay has never been a very consistent vocalist: she was always easily flustered by rapid music, because her voice was like a great banner that needs wind and space to unfurl; her high notes have always been shrill and now they are tenuous. But for musical perception, dramatic application, intensity, concentration, she has had only one rival in our time, and that one was herself only in the decade 1950-60. Varnay, however, has been singing effectively for thirty-three years, often under the best conductors (Furtwängler, Busch, Knappertsbusch, Kempe, Jochum, Krauss, von Karajan), acquiring in her repertory an authority comparable to that of Margot Fonteyn—no one is ever likely to sing her roles as often as Varnay did. Latterly, Varnay has been concentrating on character parts, to which she brings a voice still responsive to every demand her intelligence makes on it; as her vocal powers change, Varnay finds new ways of using them—she exploits music, dramatic situations, her own resources, not her reputation or the public. Klytemnestra's music needs a greater variety of true contralto sound than Varnay can supply with her less flexibly colorful chest voice—but Varnay knows that too. Most performers of the role forget Strauss's assurance that Klytemnestra should be a lady of great majesty; they give us the wicked stepmother in Disney's *Snow White*. Varnay was a queen in Argolis, grand in guilt and decay, triumphant in delusions of release, a woman afraid to sleep. That she will return to the Metropolitan next year in Janacek's *Jenufa* is one of the few good things I've heard lately about that beset institution. □

NEXT DOOR

A young girl's
guinea pig
begins to die.
Pokey! Pokey! she cries
as it withers
shaking to its knees
& stops all over
but for one rear leg
that stretches out
& comes halfway back.
The father puts it
in a box
& picking up a shovel
walks into the woodlot
with the child
stumbling silently.
My daughter brings a flower.
I drop work
& go over with them
to stand among the trees,
the sun itchy
on our skin.
Nothing's said but
later we go swimming together
in a warm
shallow bay for the first
time that summer
& as I remember the
last.

Allen Planz

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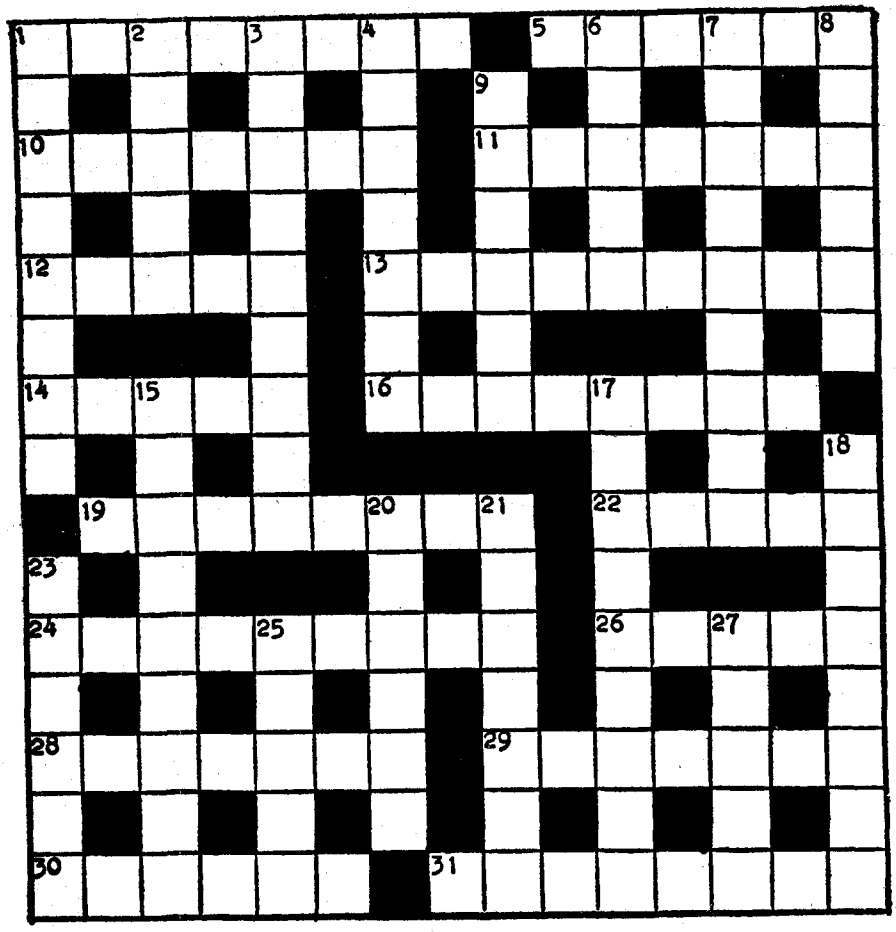
Crossword Puzzle No. 1526

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 A view of Grand Canyon, perhaps, or in a Central American state. (8)
5, 20 down and 18 down One reputedly wise to his girl-friend, but his craft was certainly colorful. (3,3,3,3,8)
10 See 6 down
11 A decent sort, in effect. (7)
12 The dog may have sounded so very much like the west coast. (5)
13 Evening dress? (9)
14 Would it catch only a girl and nothing else? (5)
16 Wearing this, a support for the female type is put back on. (8)
19 Traditional pottage and South American drink might be enough for a pal! (8)
22 and 23 down Play to one's taste? (2,3,4,2)
24 If the model's stage could only talk, it might indicate being taken advantage of! (7,2)
26 Beg in a back street—for work? (5)
28 Good for the pupil? Don't believe it! (7)
29 So much for the rest of the troops! (7)
30 Such a pendant might seem corny. (6)
31 Take temporary possession of about an acre, roughly, if disloyal. (8)

DOWN

1 A toss and a sharp blow coming up will make the plane curve. (8)
2 How Flute misread Ninus, being not very bright. (5)
3 Pardon, sir, but it's sort of a come-down! (9)
4 Is one parent commonly about representative of the purple? (7)
6 and 10 across Is earth so capable of causing anguish? (5-7)
7 One follows the line with it. (9)
8 The cargo? Sort of glad it's about in! (6)
9 One might ask quite a bit from others. (6)
15 In such condition one might miss the rest. (9)
17 Begin again, as one might at bridge. (5,4)
18 See 5 across
20 See 5 across
21 Elevate, or at least raise a foreign maid with the French. (7)
23 See 22 across
25 The condition of the country? (5)
27 Accordingly our country provides one who may be responsible for numbers of bands. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1525

ACROSS: 1 Task forces; 6 Siam; 10 Reviled; 11 Skillet; 12 Blissful; 13 Eager; 15 Ovens; 17 Naturally; 19 Gold medal; 21 and 23 Snail's pace; 24 Repapers; 27 Iceberg; 28 Obtrude; 29 Nose; 30 Reconsider.
DOWN: 2 Seville; 3 and 1 Film stars; 4 Redefined; 5 Easel; 7 Illegal; 8 Motorcycle; 9 Sidearms; 14 Congestion; 16 Simpered; 18 Telephoto; 20 Leaders; 22 Aground; 24 Rogue; 25 Pates; 26 Hear.

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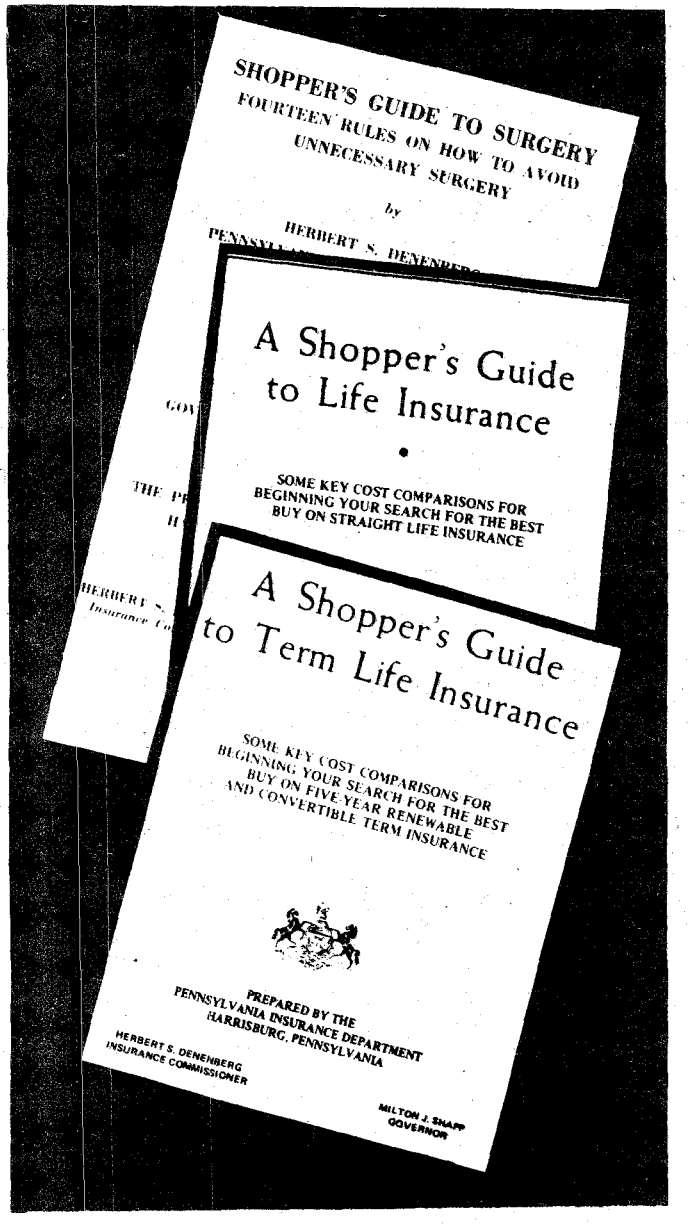
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